

Catholic Digest

MAY 1956

35¢



The Amazing
Alberghettis

HOWARD SCOTT

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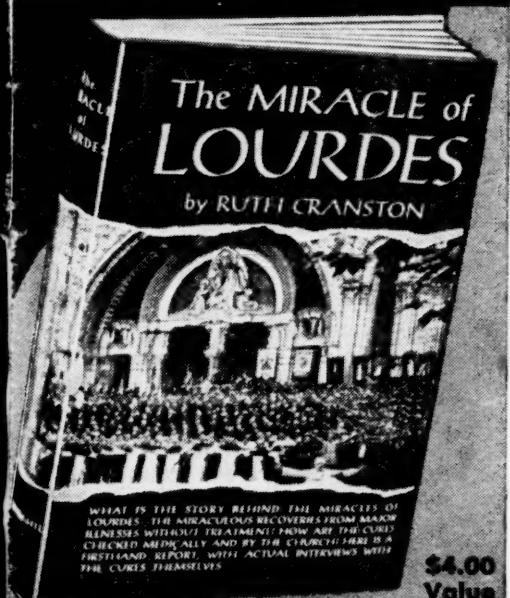
"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, are chosen to reflect this commanding, basic newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

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Psychiatrists and Churchmen

Get together at a Benedictine monastery in a workshop for sanity

It was a hot sunny day at St. John's university near St. Cloud, Minn. The rolling pine-covered hills around the campus had swallowed up any breezes that might have brought relief from the lake just below the buildings.

In the lounge of St. Mary's hall, Dr. Howard Rome, chief psychiatrist of the Mayo clinic, was explaining the problem of anxiety to some three dozen perspiring clergymen. The décor and furniture were ultramodern, the floor, cool terrazzo. From the window, Dr. Rome could see the lake down the hill.

But Monday, Aug. 1, 1955, was just one of those hot days. The speaker peeled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. It wasn't long before his listeners did the same.

Most of them removed Roman collars, but some took off neckties. Three Lutheran ministers, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Mission Covenant minister were among the listeners. Dr. Rome himself is a non-Catholic.

The situation was unusual, wasn't it? Here, at a century-old Benedictine monastery in the Minnesota woods, sat clergymen of five denominations listening to a non-Catholic psychiatrist. In this setting,



the practitioners of medicine's newest field rubbed shoulders with the men of the oldest estate. What brought them together was their mutual interest in the problems that parishioners bring to their pastors.

Many laymen look upon their parish priest as an intelligent, sensitive man who leads a very sheltered life, and who knows little of the problems they face in everyday life.

If laymen could see what goes on inside their pastor's gray head, they would be amazed at how well he actually understands their difficulties. Apart from the problems he solves in the confessional, the priest hears about a good many in the rectory from parishioners who come to him for help.

Those problems are often the same ones that bring increasingly larger numbers of persons to psychiatrists' offices.

Because modern life is what it is, the pressure for more money has forced many men to work nights as well as days to make ends meet.

PSYCHIATRISTS AND CHURCHMEN

With millions of wives and mothers also working to help out, family life is disrupted, and tempers wear thin. The pressures of rush-hour traffic, television, and advertising add to the load; and family tensions multiply.

"It's not just the pace of modern life," comments Father Alexius Portz, O.S.B., director of the summer workshop, "It's the change in family living, the breakdown of the family."

Don't think that these ministers and priests and psychiatrists carried on a polite, theoretical discussion at the ivory-tower level. They got right down to brass tacks. And in a hurry.

Let's listen in on Dr. Leo Bartemeier for a moment. He's talking about family relationships.

"I saw a girl the other day. She is 26. She wants with all her heart to have a child, but her husband has consistently taken the attitude that he doesn't want one.

"It came out that it was she, out of her own earnings, who put down the \$3,000 as the payment for their home. She buys all her own clothes. Her husband pays the monthly installments on the home. He pays the utility bills. However, she buys the food.

"She has a very good job. She goes to work at 11 o'clock at night and comes home at about 7 in the morning. She works in a mill. He works in the daytime as an automobile salesman—now and then. He loves television and beer.

"Last January, he told her that he was taking off to go to Florida for a few weeks with a family who were driving down for the winter. He would be gone about three weeks because he has always been interested in the horses and he wanted to do some betting. There was neither an *Ave* nor a *Nay* as to whether she would like to go along.

"He comes from a good family. They do not know why he went to Florida. He did not win any money on the horses. His wife had to wire him \$100 to help him get home.

"But that is not going to prevent him from going to Florida again this winter and staying longer, because the trouble with him last winter was that he didn't stay long enough.

"What does this couple talk about together? 'Well,' she says, 'Doctor, you know that with the hours of his work and the hours of my work we really don't get a chance to talk together as much as people ordinarily do. I come home in the morning and he is up and has made the breakfast. We have breakfast together, and then he goes out the door, and I do the dishes, tidy up the house a bit, and go to bed about noon.'

"The more you hear about this couple, the more you realize that these people are not married to each other in any real sense of the word. They occupy the same house, they share expenses to a certain extent.

"She is a far stronger character

than he. He is gradually deteriorating in his consistency and responsibilities. They are, of course, legally married, but neither of these persons is capable of loving the other. Of course, they have no religion—in any real sense of the word."

Sound familiar?

"In these times," comments Abbot Baldwin Dworschak, president of St. John's university, "it seems that more people need psychiatric help than was the case years ago. The persons who are disturbed today go first to their pastor.

"The purpose of the workshop was to let clergymen and psychiatrists work as a team. It was a logical plan to bring them together. Both groups seemed to be happy to have met and broken down a wall of suspicion that had existed between them."

Each workshop started out very much like a college class with an expert lecturing to students in a somewhat formal atmosphere.

After a couple of days, the Air Force chaplain from Brooklyn discovered that his counseling problems were very similar to those of the Lutheran minister from St. Paul and those of the priest from Kansas City, Mo. And all three of them gained a new realization of the need for professional psychiatric help in certain types of cases.

As for the psychiatrists, they soon found themselves knee-deep in shop talk, from breakfast right through

the late evening snack. Soon everyone had rolled up his sleeves mentally, and come to grips with specific problems.

Discussions became more frank and animated; and friendships, begun over coffee, grew firmer during walks in the shade of towering Norway pines. Doctors, ministers, and priests argued far into the night.

For non-Catholic clergymen, there are dozens of workshops on psychiatric problems sponsored by hospitals and church groups. Several are offered for Catholic priests. What makes St. John's effort unusual?

In the first place, St. John's was able to obtain some of the very best psychiatrists in the U. S. as lecturers and discussion leaders. Psychiatrist Karl Stern of Ottawa, and Father Noel Mailloux, eminent psychologist from the University of Montreal, came down from Canada to lecture.

Then, too, St. John's Institute for Mental Health spreads each workshop over a full week to give participants a chance to break the professional ice and warm up to their subject thoroughly. Most comparable courses are limited to two or three days; and operate pretty much as a one-way street. The lecturer talks to the students; and, except for a few questions, that's it. At St. John's, the psychiatrists soon discover that the men of the cloth are teaching them quite a bit, too.

"Four of the last ten presidents

of the American Psychiatric association have been at St. John's for our workshops," Father Alexius reports. "Winfred Overholser, superintendent of St. Elizabeth's hospital at Washington, D. C.; Leo Bartemeier, of Seton Psychiatric institute, Baltimore; Kenneth Appel of the University of Pennsylvania, and Francis Braceland, director of the Institute of Living, Hartford, Conn."

During the week, experts talked on such subjects as "Classification of Mental Disorders," "Techniques of Psychotherapy and Counseling," "Problems of Childhood and Adolescence," and "Perfectionism and Scrupulosity."

Obviously, the mountain of theory and information which the psychiatrist uses in his profession can't be boiled down to a one-week course; so the institute selects topics by questioning clergymen in advance about information of particular value to them in their work.

Late each afternoon, the men walked down to the lake for a swim. Father Alexius recalls that a Protestant psychiatrist from one Midwestern university became so interested in the way of life of a Trappist monk from Georgia, that the two would continue their conversations while they splashed around in the lake. Incidentally, it was the monk's first swim in 17 years.

The average non-Catholic psychiatrist would be inclined to regard a monk who leads a contemplative life as something of an odd ball. It

turned out that the three Trappists, fresh from the seclusion of a monastery in Georgia, made a terrific impression on the psychiatrists as well as the clergy.

This is the facet of monastic life which, quite understandably, intrigues the psychiatrists. Some of them came face-to-face with three live, talkative, uninhibited Trappist monks for the first time.

The impact of the Trappists and their serene, joyful, and (in the best sense of the word) simple outlook on life, was tremendous. Listen to the faculty talking about it at the end of the week.

"I was really astonished," said Dr. Rome, "by these three Trappist monks. Had you asked me a month ago whether they would have possibly gotten anything under the sun from—or been able to contribute anything to—this group, I would have answered without an instant's reflection, 'Absolutely No.'"

"Well, really, they were the belles of the ball," added Dr. Frank Curran of the University of Virginia medical school.

Dr. Rome: "Absolutely no question about it."

Dr. Braceland: "They got and gave."

"Oh, they were amazing," said Dr. Donald Hastings of the University of Minnesota. "I would strongly recommend that something be done to seed such people into subsequent groups."

It's been 100 years since three

Benedictine monks arrived at St. Cloud from St. Vincent's abbey in Pennsylvania. Since that time, the group has grown from three to a Community of 350 monks, of whom 206 are priests, 66 clerics, and 68 Brothers—the world's largest Benedictine abbey.

Recently, the monks moved into a new monastery building designed by Marcel Breuer, the famed Hungarian architect. Its strong, clean lines are in the best contemporary vein, yet the granite-block exterior and the skillful use of natural wood finishes inside retain the atmosphere of a monastic rule with its roots in the past and its interest in the future.

Just as the new abbey reflects the realistic approach of the Benedictine monks on the physical level, the psychiatric workshops reflect the realism of the monks on the spiritual level. The Benedictine monk of today is no Brother Sebastian from cartoonland. He's a mature man, tough in intellectual and spiritual fiber, with both feet planted firmly on the ground.

The ringing of the abbey bells and the rustle of the monks as they file into chapel to chant the Office remind the visitor that monastic life continues here alongside the life of the university.

St. John's university Institute for Mental Health conducts the summer workshops. Father Alexius, executive director of the institute, teaches philosophy and psychology

in the university. The board of directors which selects lecturers and plans the program includes a Lutheran psychologist, a Jewish psychiatrist, an Episcopalian, and two Catholic psychiatrists, a Catholic teaching Sister, and the chaplain of a state mental hospital.

In 1953, Father Alexius suggested the workshop idea to Abbot Dworschak. With the cooperation of Bishop Peter Bartholome of St. Cloud, St. John's faculty arranged the first session for 1954. The Hamm foundation, which conducts a psychiatric clinic in St. Paul, Minn., provided a grant to finance faculty fees. The clergy pay a nominal fee for the workshop; and Hamm's picks up the tab for the rest of the expenses.

To keep the meetings fruitful, participation is limited to 40 clergymen each week. Seven non-Catholic and ten Catholic psychiatrists served as faculty for the three-week program last summer. Some six months after the summer session, St. John's sends additional information, based on the discussions, to clergymen who participated. The clergymen respond with valuable suggestions for use in future workshops.

The Institute for Mental Health does not offer six easy rules for remaining sane in this crazy world. The mind of man is far too complex for pat solutions.

The daily routine of the week was set up in such a way that lec-

tures would not take up as much time as seminars. A seminar might be defined as a bull session which sticks to one subject, in this case psychiatry. It was in the seminars that clergymen could discuss specific problems under expert guidance.

At each meal, the psychiatrists made a point of sitting with different clergymen so that they could join in discussions and encourage everyone to contribute his own ideas. There were frequent breaks for coffee and doughnuts. During the evening, snacks were available.

What do the non-Catholic clergy who attended think of their experience?

One Protestant clergymen commented to Father Alexius, "You know, Father, I feel more and more at home in this group. Here, everyone accepts everyone else; and recognizes that our opinions differ because of our differing backgrounds and beliefs."

Rev. James Boren, pastor of University Presbyterian church, Minneapolis, said: "I think the cross-fertilization of thought between the clergy and the psychiatrists was an extremely important experiment.

"As for the Catholic and non-Catholic clergy, we found ourselves at a oneness in some areas, like the theological concept of man. We, as clergymen, were after the total man, his mind, his will, his soul, and so on. Whereas some of the psychiatrists had a tendency to think of

man as just a bundle of nerves.

"I heard some Protestants remark that they were surprised that the discussion in a Catholic institution was as frank as it was. I personally had an excellent fellowship with the men there. I found myself asking many questions, and found the Catholics asking me a good many. I never did feel out of place at any time at St. John's abbey.

"The thing I particularly enjoyed about the sessions was the search for knowledge and understanding that brought up significant questions. These workshops were certainly not superficial."

"I think," commented Dr. Curran, a Catholic psychiatrist, "that each year you probably will get a larger group of non-Catholic clergy here when they see that we mean what we say—that we're putting the focus on mental health and not on something else."

"You and we," Dr. Rome told the group at the end of the week, "try to help out people with problems. And it behooves us to know each other's approach to these problems more extensively.

"We have somewhat different goals and use a somewhat different approach. I hope you have come to feel that we are as sincerely dedicated, in our way, to the accomplishment of our objectives as you are to yours. I've heard you all say that one of the things that has come from this opportunity is a better outlook on psychiatry and psychia-

trists. You see that our horns are not very long, and that they don't show unless you look very closely.

"Certainly, speaking for myself, and I know that I speak for the rest of the psychiatrists, we've gained a great deal. Perhaps we've gained more than you've gained."

In an address given some time before he participated in the workshops, Dr. Braceland analyzed the conflict of viewpoint between the clergy and the psychiatrists.

"Modern psychiatry has come under the anxious scrutiny of the theologians because they have been unable to correlate much of the philosophy of analytic doctrine with traditional Judaeo-Christian beliefs. . . . In defense of their belief, some members of the clergy have attacked psychiatry, and particularly psychoanalysis, because they think it teaches a destructive principle.

"Some psychoanalysts, in their turn, have questioned certain re-

ligious teachings, and they profess to find in them the foundation of nervous disorders. They imply that in the light of their new findings the orthodox teachings of the Judaeo-Christian tradition should be examined and changed. This conflict is not beyond satisfactory solution, for it is difference of opinion between groups which are looking only at segments of the problem.

"Should ever the representatives of these opposing ideas be able to meet, the possibilities of mutual enrichment are many, and the resulting common agreements would go far toward healing some of the emotional ills of modern man."

St. John's has provided the meeting place where clergymen and psychiatrists can air their common problems. From their meetings has come a new cooperative search for truth—a search which promises peace of mind and conscience for troubled mankind.

In Our House

MY BANK statement was not in agreement with my home records. After struggling hours over check stubs and columns of figures, I was no nearer a solution than when I started. Remembering the advice of an aunt, I stopped briefly and said a short prayer. In a few moments after I went back to my work, I had discovered my error.

"And your troubles were over!" exclaimed my next-door neighbor. (I had told her of my dilemma.)

"Not quite," I answered honestly. "I forgot to ask that the problem be settled in *my* favor. God helped me to find the error all right—but I was overdrawn by \$17.53!"

Mrs. John L. Hulsey.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Charles J. Komaiko
*Condensed from the "Family Weekly"***

We're Working Our Presidents Too Hard!

We must ease the burdens of the toughest political job on earth

IS HE BIG enough for the job?" Political scientists and political enemies have asked this question about every man who ever sat in the White House. Many of our Presidents have been great men; a few were political accidents. But always the debate has centered on the man rather than the office.

President Eisenhower's heart attack last September shocked the world. But it was more than a tragic incident in the life of a great American. It was a grim reminder that now, for the fourth time since 1900, a chief executive had been overtaxed by the growing burdens of office.

Mrs. Warren G. Harding once said, "The office is killing Woodrow Wilson as surely as if he had been stabbed at his desk." Wilson left the White House hopelessly paralyzed. His successor, her own husband, died in office, and so did Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The real problem goes deeper than whether this Republican or that Democrat is big enough for



the job. A basic question is whether *anyone* has the physical and emotional strength to survive holding the biggest political job on earth today.

The presidency is the greatest gift within the power of the American people. Yet it demands a performance that few men of 54 (the average age of incoming Presidents), or any age, have the strength to fulfill.

How would you like to shake 8,000 hands in one afternoon, as T.R. once did? Or sign your name 600 times daily, as Harry Truman

*179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Jan. 8, 1956. © 1956 by Family Weekly Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

did? Or figure out who was to answer the 460,000 letters which arrived at the White House in response to FDR's famous words, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself"? Or receive the endless procession of churchmen, clubwomen, vegetarians, Scouts, social workers, and lobbyists and hobbyists, each with an important message for the President?

Such things in the daily routine are sandwiched in between weighty and world-shaking meetings: the Cabinet, the National Security council, the chiefs of staff, Congressional leaders, and foreign emissaries.

George Washington's Cabinet consisted of five men. Yet he wrote of their meetings, "They are as much as, if not more than, I am able to undergo." In his entire first term, Congress sent just 44 bills to his desk.

Dwight Eisenhower in one session of Congress took action on 1,310 bills. His Cabinet had grown to ten, but in addition, the heads of more than 50 independent agencies reported directly to him. Moreover, in 1955 there were more employees on the federal payroll than there were citizens of the U. S. in Washington's day!

"Our President is like a fortress under siege," said Grover Cleveland. "I am sick at heart and perplexed in brain." The "siege" has developed because of factors which the founding fathers could not foresee. When

they wrote the Constitution, there were 4 million people in America, living in 13 states. It seemed logical to them to divide our government into legislative, judicial, and executive branches.

The Constitution does just that, defining the powers of each. But the legislative and judicial branches, then as now, depended on the work of many men: senators, congressmen, and judges. In contrast, all executive responsibility is centered in one person, the President.

The Constitution said that this one man was to be commander-in-chief of the army, navy, and militia; was to grant pardons and reprieves; was to make treaties; was to appoint ambassadors and other federal officers and receive ambassadors from other countries; and, finally, was to advise Congress on the "state of the union" and recommend appropriate legislation.

The founding fathers, however, could not foresee a population of 166 million Americans, nor the invention of the telephone and telegraph, radio, TV, jet planes, and atom bombs. But these are the very things which rush the problems of the world to the White House door; the things which make a presidential sneeze world news, and presidential privacy all but impossible.

They could not foresee that the President would kick off charity drives, issue special proclamations, present awards, settle strikes, supervise flood relief, present a budget,

blueprint global strategy, have fireside radio and TV chats, and do hundreds of other things undreamed of in the 18th century.

Moreover, though every President since Washington has been nominated and elected by the party system, the Constitution does not mention political parties. Our founding fathers might be distressed, indeed, at the amount of time a President must spend worrying about "politics." For our modern President not only represents all the people, he leads a political party as well. As a result, it's an unfortunate but unavoidable fact that electioneering makes terrific inroads on a President's time.

First, as a candidate, he faces a campaign. For three agonizing months he must meet the people and the press in huge auditoriums and at the crossroads. When he isn't shaking hands, he's on radio or television. Finally, comes the mad scramble through 48 states which ends on election day. But politics is just beginning, and there is no rest for the winner!

The party's platform must be translated into a legislative program. Party friends come knocking, asking him to translate campaign promises and campaign contributions into political action or patronage.

Congress convenes in January, and immediately the President is involved in the problems of steering his program through Congress. This is a major task in itself, but, in

addition, there is routine White House business to handle, plus the inevitable crises at home and abroad.

Midway in his term come Congressional elections. By that time, people are already talking about "the record of the administration" and wondering about a second term. The President may have to stump for Senator So-and-So. The senator may be a key man in pushing the President's program through Congress. By the third year, the presidential campaign itself begins to take form, and in the final year the President is back in a new election fight.

Business and industry have found ways to reduce the basic work load of key employees. Unfortunately, this pattern has not been applied to the most important employee we Americans have, the man in the White House!

Most of the reforms in the office of the presidency have dealt with details, not responsibility. For example, in 1950, a new law relieved the chief executive from personally signing thousands of routine documents. But Congress made it clear that the responsibility would still be his.

In 1945, when the fateful decision had to be made about dropping the atom bomb, Harry Truman had many advisers, but the awesome burden of the final word (and the full responsibility) was his.

What can we do to correct this situation? There are no simple an-

swers, but two things are clear: 1. the President should be authorized to share with others some of the responsibilities which are now his alone; 2. he should be entirely relieved of certain duties which belong elsewhere. Such changes will require Constitutional amendments.

Perhaps no two men are better qualified to suggest such changes than our two living ex-Presidents, Herbert C. Hoover and Harry S. Truman. Mr. Hoover has already made intensive studies of administrative problems in government. Much of the information gathered in the Hoover report of 1955 could be used as the basis for a specific study of the presidency.

In the darkest days of the Civil war, Abraham Lincoln was asked how he liked being President. "The question reminds me of a story," Lincoln replied. "There was a man back in Illinois who was tarred, feathered, and run out of town on a rail. When they asked him how he liked it, he said, 'If it weren't for the honor, I'd rather have walked!'"

It is a great honor to be President. And we are fortunate that so many of our chief executives have been great leaders. All of them have tried to be big enough for the job. But the job itself has become so big that we can no longer ask that they sacrifice their lives in the attempt.



• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish a sparrow flew into church during Mass on the third Sunday of Lent. I watched it fly about for a minute, chirping happily, and then I saw it perch high up above the altar.

When I returned to my missal, the priest had reached the Communion verse: "The sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest, where she may lay her young ones: thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God: blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they shall praise Thee for ever and ever."

Mrs. John Donndelinger.



In our parish school, Sister was explaining communism, fascism, and nazism to her little students.

"What would you do with all these isms?" she asked one boy.

He thought a minute, and then answered, "I'd make them all wasms."

Charles V. Mathis.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Clifford Howell, S.J.
Condensed from the "St. Joseph Magazine"*

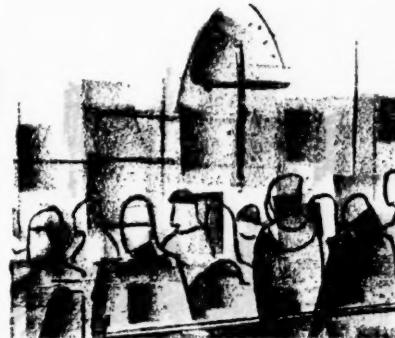
This Is the Way to Use Your Missal

St. Pius X recommended that laymen "pray the Mass," but he did not mean that it was necessary to pray it word for word. Father Howell, the noted English liturgist, explains that you can pray certain parts with greater devotion by watching the priest or by meditating rather than by repeating the priest's prayers.

ARE YOU a missal slave? Do you try to follow every word that the priest says from beginning to end of the Mass? Many lay people do. They feverishly flip pages in a vain attempt to follow exactly the priest at the altar. To be always in a rush is neither helpful nor devotional; nor is it really necessary.

You shouldn't befuddle yourself with the details which concern only the priest. You can pass them over without the least detriment to your participation in Mass. In fact, it is more "liturgical" to pass them over.

As the rites of the Mass were first enacted, everything concerned everybody in *some* way, but not in the *same* way. In some parts, there was but one speaker (priest, deacon, or subdeacon) while the rest were lis-



teners. These parts were Collect, Epistle, Gospel, Secret, Preface, Canon, and the Postcommunion. Every word of these was spoken or sung aloud, that the people might listen. The people had a function in them, but it was that of an audience, not speakers.

At other times the people spoke or sang the words themselves. Their parts were the responses, the Kyrie, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei. Gloria and Credo came in later; they are also songs of the people. In all the parts of the Mass mentioned so far the people are either audience or speakers.

When the choir was instituted, its members sang chants during the four processions—at the entrance of the clergy, the carrying of the Gospel book, the bringing up of the sacrificial gifts, and the distribution of Holy Communion. The remains of these chants are still with us as

*St. Benedict, Ore. February, 1956. © 1956 by Mt. Angel Abbey, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Introit, Gradual, Offertory, and Communion. In all these the agent is the choir; the people function as listeners. The chants were intended to give the people matter for meditation during the four processions. They exist for you even though sung by the choir.

Much later, prayers were allotted to the priest to keep his mind piously occupied while performing certain actions. This is why they all started as silent prayers. They were never intended to be heard by the people, whose business here is just to watch the actions. Examples are the prayers which the priest says as he mounts the steps, as he prepares to read the Gospel, as he places the altar bread on the corporal, fills the chalice, cleans and covers the chalice after use. There are many such prayers throughout the Mass; you do not need to read them to follow Mass.

Really, it is only because the Mass is in Latin that a missal is necessary at all. Today's audience, for instance, cannot understand the Latin Collect. So the printed and translated word has to be a substitute for the spoken or sung word. Following the missal is only a substitute for the liturgy, though at present quite a necessary substitute.

PRIEST	CHOIR	YOU
Prayers at foot of altar	<i>Introit</i>	Listen to (read) Introit; meditate
Introit	Kyrie	Meditate
Kyrie	Gloria	<i>Sing</i> (read)
Gloria		<i>Sing</i> (read)
<i>Collect</i>		Listen (read)
<i>Epistle</i>		Listen (read)
Gradual	<i>Gradual</i>	Listen (read); meditate
<i>Gospel</i>		Listen (read)
Credo	Credo	<i>Sing</i> (read)
Offertory	<i>Offertory</i>	Listen (read); meditate
Proper	<i>Proper</i>	Watch; meditate on Proper
Offertory		Listen (read)
<i>Secret</i>		Listen (read)
<i>Preface</i>		Listen (read)
<i>Sanctus</i>	<i>Sanctus</i>	<i>Sing</i> (read)
<i>Canon</i>		Listen (read)
<i>Pater Noster</i>		Listen (read)
Agnus Dei	Agnus Dei	<i>Sing</i> (read)
Communion	Com-	Listen (read)
	<i>munion</i>	
<i>Post-</i>		Listen (read); meditate
<i>communion</i>		
<i>Last Gospel</i>		Listen (read)

Many prayers of the Mass have through the course of time been "doubled up." Italics indicate whose part each prayer originally was.

In the Secret, the missal is doubly necessary, for this prayer, by an unfortunate historical accident, has become inaudible as well as unintelligible. But it is the most important of all the Offertory prayers, and the only one in which the people should have a function, namely, as audience. The other Offertory prayers are all private prayers of the priest, and may well be passed over,

but not this one. It is the vital prayer of the entire Offertory rite.

Now follow the Preface and Canon. In these, the people again should be the audience, as indeed they used to be when all was spoken aloud. But, again owing to the accidents of history, the Preface, being in Latin, is not understood, and the Canon is inaudible. So once more the printed and translated words must do duty for the spoken or sung word. The Sanctus and Agnus Dei (when the people should be speakers) and the Pater Noster (when they should be audience) may be so familiar that the missal can be dispensed with; but it will be needed at Postcommunion.

Those who use missals are likely to be confused at our present High Mass. So often there seem to be two things going on at once. At the beginning, for instance, the choir is singing the Introit while at the same time the priest is saying the prayers at the foot of the altar. At the Offertory, the choir may be singing a motet while the priest says various prayers as he holds up the paten with the host.

When the priest is reading the Introit during the singing of the Kyrie, or (at solemn high Mass) when he reads the Gospel during the singing of the Gradual he is engaged in things which do not really belong to him. They are not truly "his part" but other people's parts. He reads them at high Mass only because of a confusion which arose

some centuries ago and has never been corrected. He is quite unnecessarily doubling up by reading to himself certain parts which have been (or will be) sung by their proper agents. In the two examples, these would be the choir (for the Introit) and the deacon (for the Gospel). It is the same when, having intoned the Gloria, the priest recites it while the people sing it. You should ignore all this doubling up. For instance, the priest genuflects in the middle of his own Credo. You should not genuflect then, but only when the appropriate time comes in your Credo.

The prayers at the foot of the altar at the beginning of Mass are the priest's private preparation for Mass, and used to be said in the sacristy before he came in. Quite probably they will be put back into the sacristy, or curtailed or abolished, in some future Mass reforms. What you should do is to read the Introit in your missal, and then meditate upon its meaning while the choir sings the music. It is the same with the Offertory; read it from your missal, and then meditate while you watch the priest's actions at the altar. Do not try to follow his prayers during his actions; just watch and think your own prayerful thoughts prompted by your meditations on the Offertory text. Even if the choir goes on to sing a motet you can use the text of that (if you understand it) as the basis of your Offertory meditation.

The principle of giving your attention always to what is sung (whether by priest, by choir or congregation) is valid for the whole Mass from beginning to end, except for one place where the Sanctus and the Canon are telescoped. The people ought to be singers of the former and hearers of the latter. As things are it is impossible for them to fulfill their duties in both.

Here again we have the perpetuation of what began as an abuse many centuries ago. Originally the Sanctus was sung, to a simple chant, by celebrant, deacon, subdeacon, choir, and people all together. Only after this singing was finished did the celebrant go on with the Canon. And he did this out loud, and in the people's own tongue (which in those days was Latin), that all might hear and understand.

But there came a time when choirs began to monopolize the Sanctus; they made the words to chants so long and complicated that they were beyond the musical capacity of the average priest and people. Thus the people fell silent, and the priest merely said the words. Then, to avoid the long wait till the end of the singing, he got on with the Canon, but now silently (because singing was going on).

The grave disadvantages of this telescoping have only become apparent since the introduction of

missals which enable the people to follow the Canon even though they can no longer hear it. While Sanctus and Canon are simultaneous it is impossible for the faithful to sing the one and also attend to the other.

Nothing but a reform putting the Benedictus back where it belongs, and forbidding the priest to start the Canon till the singing is over, can solve this problem. Such a reform is expected. But until it comes you can do nothing except choose one of the alternatives. If the Mass is being congregationally sung, you should choose to sing, and neglect the Canon. But if the choir is singing the Sanctus (which is not their part!) you had better read the Canon in your missal.

To sum up then, if you read the Collect, Epistle, Gospel, Secret, Preface, Canon and Postcommunion from your missal, you will be following Mass intelligently even if you pass over everything else. For everything which is of basic importance will then have reached you.

But the choir's processional chants, Introit, Gradual, Offertory, and Communion are also your concern; for here you should be audience. Since the words are in Latin, the only way in which you can meditate on them is to first read translations from your missal.

Executive: One who hires someone to cut his lawn while he plays golf for exercise.

Table Talk (Sept. '55).

By Lawrence M. Hughes

Bishop Sheen's Sponsor

Ross Siragusa of Admiral Corp. knows that life is worth living

ONE TELEVISION program on which you will never hear the major performer promoting or even introducing the product which makes the program possible is Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living*. In his weekly talks to a combined television and radio audience of 30 million, Bishop Sheen is not to be commercialized.

Yet someone must take the tab (to the tune of \$1.5 million) for his time on 113 television and 300 radio stations. For four years the tab-taker has been a 49-year-old Chicago Catholic named Ross David Siragusa, president of Admiral Corp.

The man who makes *Life Is Worth Living* possible on so wide a scale has had an extraordinary career. The son of poor Italian immigrants, he made himself a multimillion fortune by the time he was 23, and lost it all before he was 30. Starting over during the depression, on largely borrowed capital of \$3,400, Siragusa developed Admiral Corp., which annually sells \$202 million worth of television and radio sets, home appliances, and air



conditioners in 60 countries. Admiral has 5,500 stockholders, but Siragusa and his family own 40% of its \$60 million assets.

At 49, Siragusa is still busy pushing his organization toward new horizons. But he has found that the most important things in life can't be evaluated in dollars. In recent years, he has drawn special inspiration from the books and talks of Bishop Sheen.

The bishop's closest approach to "endorsement" of Admiral has been an occasional statement that he would appear only on a program for worth-while products. Otherwise, his talks and the sponsor's messages are kept completely separate. For two minutes at the start and at the end of each program, Admiral says some nice things about its products. The 26 minutes between are concerned solely with *Life Is Worth Living*.

Neither Admiral nor the American Broadcasting Co., which carries the program on both radio and television, edits the talks. Nor do they know beforehand what Bishop Sheen will say. (Neither does the bishop—except in outline.)

As costs go nowadays, *Life Is Worth Living* is a modest production. Admiral's weekly bill for time and talent comes to less than \$60,000. Production costs are low. The Thursday-night talks are telecast "live" before an audience in an ABC theater in New York. When the series was switched to ABC last fall new props were provided. Violinist Fritz Kreisler, a friend of Bishop Sheen's, contributed a musical background. All the money which Admiral pays the bishop (it runs to six substantial figures each season) goes to charities.

The talks, which are nonsectarian, now draw about 8,000 letters a week. Almost half of them are from non-Catholics, and 99% praise the program.

Although its serious themes limit the audience (Groucho Marx's show at the same hour gets a higher quantitative "rating") Admiral has a lot of evidence of listener loyalty and "sponsor identification." In the proportion of listeners who know whose products are being presented, *Life Is Worth Living* ranks second only to *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, sponsored by the Lipton company's teas and soup mixes.

It took Siragusa a while to learn

that millions of fans might tune in something more solid than crooners, dancers, or give-aways. For several years Admiral sponsored such shows as *Broadway Revue* and *Stop the Music*. But Ross has no intention of going back to them.

Siragusa's parents, John A. and Stella Marie Siragusa, emigrated from Palermo in 1904. Ross's father, a horticulturist in Italy, turned to shoe-repairing here. Ross, their first child, was born in Buffalo in June, 1906.

Two years later the family moved to Chicago, where Ross's father set up a shoe-repair shop on the North Side. When the baby became ill the mother took him to Italy for his health. She thereby nearly ended both their lives. After visiting friends near Messina in Sicily, they left a few days before the earthquake of Dec. 28, 1908, which destroyed Messina and other cities with a loss of 75,000 lives.

The family grew to include two boys and two girls. Ross went to St. Jerome's parochial school, and learned to swim in near-by Lake Michigan. Later he made the swimming team and was a half-miler and shot-putter on the track team of Chicago's Loyola academy, from which he was graduated in 1924. He was bright and willing enough, but other interests drew his mind from school work. Although Ross is now a member of the President's council of Loyola university, he never got to the school as a student.

Sources Credited

WHEN television star Garry Moore received a national award for his spontaneity, he turned right around and paid tribute to "the four guys responsible for my spontaneity—my writers." Bishop Fulton Sheen, the next to receive an award, stepped up to the microphone and said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I also want to pay tribute to my four writers—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

Mrs. E. Marschiolok.

Instead, at 18, he started in business for himself.

The electronics age was bustin' out. For several years Ross had been a radio "ham." He had put together a crystal receiving set in the family's apartment at a cost of \$2. From a room in the rear of his father's shop he was operating amateur transmitter 9DON; he could brag about "picking up" Catalina Island. One summer he got a job testing bell-ringing transformers. The next summer he spent more time seeing how the transformers were put together than he did at testing, and was fired.

When he left the academy, Ross took \$50 he had saved and, with some help from his father, launched a business with the impressive title of Transformer Corporation of America. The "wet" batteries in radio receivers of those days needed

frequent rejuicing. The new company made battery chargers.

Within five years Ross was running the world's largest transformer business. Not long before the 1929 crash, a New York bank offered the young executive \$5 million for his company. Ross turned the offer down.

After the crash, Transformer Corp. struggled for five years before dying. At 28 the boy wonder was very broke, indeed. But in failure, he says, he found his "greatest lesson."

Siragusa and several others from the former company formed Continental Radio and Television Corp. To get his part of the capital, Ross sold his precious Auburn car. His young wife, Mary, did not object when most of their home furnishings went too.

Among Ross's associates in the new firm were John B. Huarisa, now executive vice president of Admiral, and Richard F. Dooley, who has retired as an officer but continues as a director.

The word *television* in the company's title anticipated an industry that would not become a major commercial factor for a dozen years. The corporation's whole factory was set up in the corner of a garage. The main office was desk space in Siragusa's attorney's office, rented for \$5 a month.

During the depression a radio set was a luxury. Siragusa was sure, however, that a big business could

be built by developing good radios to sell at low prices.

The group made one to retail at \$9.95, and Siragusa tackled the trade. Months passed, and still the buyers would not bite. The \$3,400 original capital was nearly gone. A Chicago banker declined to take a one-third interest in the corporation for \$5,000.

Finally, down to the last \$200, Siragusa boarded a bus for Pittsburgh to call on the buyer for a jewelry chain. He got an order for 250 radios. Even better, the buyer agreed to receipt the invoice so that Continental would be paid before any of its suppliers' bills came due.

Through 22 years, the company which became Admiral has claimed a long string of firsts. But the low-priced radios, and that order for them, probably have meant most to Siragusa.

In 1936 Continental paid \$100 for the Admiral name. For years, however, only 10% of its sets carried this brand. Then in 1939 Siragusa bought 10,000 record-changers at half price, put them into a table model radio-phonograph, and marketed them under Admiral's name for \$55. The price was about half that of other combinations. By such devices he increased annual sales volume to more than \$9 million by 1941.

As the war approached, Ross foresaw: 1. an end to production of many civilian lines, including radios, and 2. a burgeoning need for

military electronic equipment. Before getting a single defense order, Admiral put \$500,000 into new plants and equipment. During the 2nd World War the company's sales reached \$45 million a year.

Meanwhile, Siragusa was visualizing a postwar demand for home appliances. During the war he established a range-and-refrigerator division, and set out to advertise Admiral's name widely. Admiral produced the first combination home freezer-refrigerator. But in four post-war years the appliance division lost \$2 million before it finally turned the corner.

By then Siragusa had plunged Admiral deeply into television. The receivers being offered by the rest of the industry in 1948, he says, were large and expensive "dog-houses." After turning out 500 of them, Admiral stopped production and took another tack. With a low-priced "consolette," the company that year did a \$25-million business in television sets alone. The next year, convinced that the "fad" was here to stay, the company sold 400,000 sets for \$112 million.

The garage corner has grown to a dozen large factories in this country and Canada. In addition to winning customers in several industries, against such titans as General Motors (Frigidaire), General Electric, Westinghouse, and RCA, Admiral recently has set the pace in manufacturing through automation. An Admiral television chassis is now

assembled primarily by electronic "brains" and "hands." Of the 231 electrical components, more than three-fourths are inserted automatically.

For this system, Siragusa claims such advantages as quality control, more uniform output, soldering that withstands vibration, resistance to temperature and humidity extremes, more flexible engineering, and easier servicing.

Many people fear that the spread of automation in industry may bring wholesale unemployment. In Admiral's case, it has thus far created more jobs. Fewer employes do now work in some departments, but the company has hired more for final assembly of the printed circuit boards which are the key to the system, and for making and servicing new equipment. In one plant, employment has doubled.

Ross's first interest, however, is not his business but his family. In 1929 Mary O'Brien married a millionaire who soon went broke. The first three youngsters were born during the Siragusas' own personal "depression," and now are grown. Ross, Jr., 25, married, and the father of two children, is an Admiral sales manager. Jack, 24, and still single, works at the company's Harvard, Ill., plant. Dick, 23, has interrupted his college career to serve

in the Army. And 16-year-old Mary Irene attends the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Noroton, Conn.

The Siragusas' home is a big colonial house on a 400-acre farm. Here Ross raises dairy cattle and riding horses known as Tennessee Walkers. A pool stocked with bass keeps his angler's eye sharp. As a boy, at his parents' insistence, Ross studied to become a concert pianist. He still plays now and then, "for my own amazement," he says.

The yen for adventure often sends him to far places. He has shot the big Kodiak bear in Alaska. With bow and arrow, he has bagged wild boar in Mexico, deer in Wisconsin, mountain goat in Alaska. A favorite snapshot shows him in sweatshirt and shorts beside a 593-pound blue marlin that he caught out of Cat Cay in the Bahamas.

His religious and philanthropic work is not confined to his connection with Bishop Sheen's broadcasts. He serves as a trustee of St. Luke's hospital, and is a director of both Chicago's Lighthouse for the Blind and the Goodwill Industries. Ross is a Knight of Malta.

Life has been a breathtaking mixture of struggle and risk and triumph for Ross Siragusa. And every minute of it, he'll tell you emphatically, has been worth living.

HE CAN TRACE his family tree all the way back to the days when his family lived in it. Frances Rodman.

By Clifford B. Hicks
Condensed from "Better Homes & Gardens"*

How 'Average' Are You?

Find yourself in the national picture

JUST HOW normal are you? How does your family stack up against the national average? Is your income up to par? Is your budget out of line? Do you spend more for home repairs than other people?

Statistics from the Department of Commerce, the Department of Agriculture, insurance companies, and independent groups draw a good portrait of the average U. S. family. Each time you have a baby, catch a cold, or take a Sunday drive, the statistics change, but most of them change very slowly.

Here's some interesting information about You.

What am I like?

You weigh 156 pounds and your wife worries about tipping the scales at 133. When you're relaxing, your pulse ticks along at 72 beats per minute, and your wife's at about 80. You may not give breathing a passing thought, but you inhale and exhale 13 times every minute.

The median age of men is 29.9 years; women, 30.5. If you are 35, you have reached the exact midpoint of your life, and can expect just 35 more years to accomplish all

those things you think about today but put off until tomorrow. Your wife reaches this pivot point of life at 37.4 years (though she may not admit middle age for ten more years).

Is our family healthy?

A survey shows that one-half the population has no disabling (loss-of-work) illness during the year. The other half has two illnesses, so the average is one sickness per person every year. Regardless of how many times you are sick, you are disabled an average of seven days a year. If you find it necessary to call the family doctor for treatment, chances are he'll see you 3.2 more times before you are well. Measles is the most prevalent communicable disease existing in the U. S. today.

One out of every ten of your ac-



*1714 Locust St., Des Moines 3, Iowa. February, 1956. © 1956 by the Meredith Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

quaintances will go to the hospital this year. The average stay will be 8.3 days, and the hospital will charge \$97. The average cost for a hospitalized illness is \$245.

One in 20 persons spends part of his life in a hospital for mental patients. It's incredible, but more than half the hospital beds in the country are occupied by mental patients.

You may not believe it, as you watch Junior shinny up a tree, but age ten is the safest year of life: fewer fatal illnesses, fewer fatal accidents.

Did we marry younger or older than others?

If you are an average couple, you were married when you were 23.8 years old and your bride was a blushing 21.4. In general, a groom in his 20's marries a girl a year or two younger than himself. If he's in his 30's, he takes a bride five years younger, and a man in his 50's will go up to the altar with a woman eight years his junior.

Will our baby be a boy or a girl?

Chances are about even, but slightly weighted in favor of a boy, as 6% more boys are born than girls. Males continue to outnumber females up to age 50. Boys don't "run" in some families, but the odds are the same every time a new baby starts his journey on the globe.

Consider yourself lucky that you can have a child. About one-sixth

of all the women who have passed the age of reproduction are childless.

Your chances of having a fine healthy baby are excellent, and bouncing higher all the time. Last year the infant-mortality rate dropped to a new low of 2.67 per 100 live births. For some unknown reason, the chances of a second baby being born alive are excellent. The chances decrease slightly, but progressively, for each successive child after the second. Your chances of having a premature baby? About one in 20.

The odds are one in 95 that you'll have twins, and one in 9,900 that you will hit the jackpot with triplets. Forget about quadruplets; your chances are one in 600,000.

Two years usually pass between marriage and the arrival of the first child, who is born when the average mother is between the ages of 20 and 24.

The cost of having a baby? A survey of families in the \$4,000 to \$5,000 class shows that the average cost is \$400. The doctor takes \$150 of this; the hospital, \$95; a minimum layette, \$50; household help for a short time, \$80; and incidentals, \$20.

Is our income up to snuff?

If your family income in 1954 was more than \$5,330, you've topped the average. After deduction of federal income tax, this gives you about \$4,820 to spend as your wife

sees fit. The average income for nonfarm families is \$6,390; for farm families, \$3,460.

You have the greatest family responsibility at age 40, but you don't receive your top income until you reach 45 to 54. After that, there's a gradual decrease.

Did you ever try to calculate your present "money value" as a person? This is the amount of money you'll earn in the future, less what you'll spend to maintain yourself. At age 40, for example, a man who earns \$5,000 after income-tax deductions has a money value of \$54,500. You might point this out to your wife the next time she wants you to put on the second-floor storm windows.

Is our budget out of kilter?

That depends on your family. Food tops the list of expenses in the national average, taking about 30% of the budget. Housing lops off about 12%, an 11% slice goes to your clothing, and another 11% to your car. Among insured families, about 4% of the budget goes for life-insurance premiums on four to six individual policies. You spend 5% on medical care. A big portion of this goes to your doctor, as he takes in \$22,298 a year. Don't blow your top at his bills, though, without considering his expenses. Actually his net spending income in one recent year was \$13,432. Incidentally, your dentist has a spending income of \$7,820.

Do our children miss more school than others?

Across the country, schools average 178 days in session during the year. Of this, the average student is absent 20 days. Half the absences are due to colds, many to stomach-aches, and a few to old-fashioned hooky. The average length of absence, according to one survey, is 2.5 days.

What about our household?

Currently, about 55% of all American families own their homes (if you disregard the mortgages). We're a nation of migrants, though. In 1953, for example, one out of every five persons moved to a different house. According to the Institute of Life Insurance, owners place an average value of \$10,700 on their homes. About half those homes are mortgaged, and the average mortgage is \$4,800. You probably spend \$250 each year for home maintenance and improvements.

The postman drops 305 pieces of mail into your box during the year and you make 438 phone calls.

Do we eat too much?

Figures don't lie. Check your figure against these. The average person (even counting in newborn babes) manages in one year to consume 151 pounds of meat, 33 dozen eggs, 7½ pounds of cheese, 43.9 pounds of fats, 109.3 pounds of fresh fruits, 114 pounds of fresh vegetables, 16.5 pounds of coffee.

Add it all up, and the consumption per day is (hold your hats, girls) 3,200 calories.

How much does it cost to own a car?

One survey shows that the average owner spends a whopping \$1,055 a year on his car, which is three years old. This figure, of course, includes the cost of the car spread out over its lifetime. On a mileage basis, you are shelling out 9.6¢ a mile over a six-year period if you keep the family buggy that long. Of this expense, only about 20¢ of every dollar goes for gas. About 47¢ goes for depreciation, and 12¢ for insurance.

Paradoxically, anyone who owns a car should drive the wheels off it to keep cost down. Owners who drive under 5,000 miles a year have the amazing cost of 26.4¢ per mile, while those who go over 20,000 miles a year spend only 6.9¢ per mile.

What can we look forward to in retirement?

For one thing, you can look forward to the company of a lot more older people. According to the Bureau of Census, if the current population trend continues there will be 20.7 million people 65 years and over in 1975. This will be an amazing rise from the 13 million in 1953.

You may have an old-age nest egg, but census reports have hatched

out one indisputable fact: much as you may dislike the idea, you very likely will be living with someone else during your old age. In 1950, for example, more than 96% of the aged lived in households (contrasted to institutions) and about four-fifths of them were living with relatives.

Who'll die first, myself or my spouse?

Men die sooner. In 1953, we had 7 million widows. This was by far the largest number in our history, about three times as many widows as widowers. Currently, at least one woman in every ten at ages 45-54 is a widow. In the next age bracket, 55-64, the proportion jumps to more than one in every four. And consider this: half the women who now become widowed still have more than 20 years of life ahead of them.

What's the biggest threat to our lives?

Heart disease. The U. S. Public Health service predicts that 750,000 people will die of heart disease this year, an increase of 100% since 1933. This threat holds particularly true if your immediate relatives have had heart disease.

Heart disease takes a greater annual toll than all other causes combined, by about 100,000 lives. It takes three times the toll of cancer, which is second in the list of killers. Accidents are third. These

three categories together take a big share of all lives.

Anything encouraging for the future?

Plenty. In 1954, the death rate reached an all-time low, and the

trend definitely is downward. In 1900, the average length of life in the U.S. was 49.2 years. Today we are living almost 20 years longer.

You can pack a lifetime of enjoyment into those 20 years—if you're an "average" person!



Cracks in the Iron Curtain

CRUSADE FOR Freedom, which sponsors Radio Free Europe and Free Europe Press, holds that in hot or cold war, laughter is as effective a weapon as guns. For that reason, it regularly transmits a barrage of rib ticklers to peoples in Red-captive countries. Recently it asked some of America's top comedians and raconteurs to tell their favorite Kremlin joke. Here are some samples.

*

Garry Moore: I hear the Reds are planning to hold more elections. But they do things differently than we do on election day. In Romania, for instance, they keep the bars open and the polls shut.

*

Joey Adams: Bulganin is reported to be pretty sick. I understand that something he agreed with was eating him.

*

Anonymous: "When are they going to clear these streets of snow?" one citizen of Budapest asked another.

"Haven't you heard?" the man replied. "They're depending on the latest Russian invention to do the job."

"I hadn't heard about it. What is it?"

"Why, the sun, of course," the second man retorted.

*

Anonymous: The Poles sum up the career of every true communist as follows. First comes his auto-biography; next his auto-mobile; then his auto-criticism; and, finally, his auto-psy.

*

Earl Wilson: Those Russians who inspected our mechanized farms left the U.S. feeling pretty sore at each other. They couldn't agree on who was going to invent what.

*

Henry Morgan: I have no favorite Kremlin joke—for the same reason that I have no favorite cancer joke. Communism is just about as hilarious as the bubonic plague.

Josephinum Review (8 Feb. '56).

By T. F. James
Condensed from "Cosmopolitan"*



To Face a Family Crisis

When the wolf is at the door, parents and children must act together

Two prosperous families were struck suddenly by unexpected disaster. One family, the Merrills, met the challenge with courage and skill. They came through a year of worry and trouble a better family, more deeply aware of the love which held them together. The other family, the Dowlings, never rallied from the blow. After months of bitter conflict, the family broke up.

What explains two such sharply contrasted reactions to crisis? Perhaps the best way to find out would be to take a detailed look at these two families.

For most of his married life, Bob Merrill had supported his family comfortably on the profits of his electric-appliance store. Then a huge discount mart opened up down the block and began selling the very same appliances for 30% less than Merrill. In six short months, his business collapsed. Worn out by

worry and overwork, Merrill came down with an illness which required two serious, expensive operations.

It looked as though the Merrill family was in serious danger. They had spent most of their savings in the losing battle to keep the store. Bob's illness devoured another large slice of funds. But while father was in the hospital, the family went right on spending and living as usual. "I knew we needed every cent," Mrs. Merrill says, "but I couldn't think. We were in a state of shock."

When Bob Merrill returned home, he called his wife and children into his room for a council of war. He told them exactly how much money they had to live on until he was well enough to go out and find a job. If they wanted to stay together and hold on to the house they all loved, they would have to make sacrifices. He, for instance, was selling his car and canceling his membership at his club.

Even Merrill was amazed by his

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. February, 1956. © 1956 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

family's response. Bill, 18, sold his hot rod and applied his ability to tinker with motors to a part-time job at a garage. Jerry, 16, who had never betrayed an ambition to do anything but listen to jazz records, amazed everyone by getting \$500 for his collection and buying a paper route. Susan, 12, gave up her dancing class and piano lessons. Mrs. Merrill, who often designed her own clothes for fun, began making hats for profit. Business was so good she was able to open a little shop downtown.

Untroubled by financial terrors, Bob Merrill made a good recovery from his operation. Within a year, he was working as assistant sales manager for a national electric-appliance company. His income is still below what it was, but he feels that he and his family have found other values that more than make up for their financial loss. "Before this trouble," he says, "we took ourselves for granted as a family. Now we know what living together really means."

The crisis which devastated the Dowlings was quite similar to the one which struck the Merrills. Leon Dowling was a successful insurance man. His formula: relentless hard work. He skipped vacations, and drove himself 18 hours a day. He and his family lived well. They thought nothing of having ten or 12 to dinner. His son drove the flashiest sports car in town; his daughter wore the latest fashions.

But Dowling's drive proved too much for him. A heart attack almost killed him. After six weeks in the hospital, he was advised by his doctor to retire. Fortunately, he was able to sell his agency for a good price and retain a moderate share in future profits.

But the Dowling family didn't face the situation as the Merrills did. At first, Leon Dowling could not bring himself to discuss money with his wife and children. Mrs. Dowling had been a teacher, but when she suggested going back to work, her husband objected. Sally, their daughter, went right on running up bills at local stores. Their son Ted continued to draw a lavish allowance until the end of his first year at college. When the father told the boy that he would have to complete his education at a small local school, Ted became enraged. Bitter arguments erupted about the money Ted continued to spend on his sports car, and his sister on her clothes.

Unable to entertain in her customary lavish way, Mrs. Dowling broke off all her friendships. She grew morose and unpleasant to live with. Sally left home to get a job in New York. Not long afterward, Ted quit school and enlisted in the navy. Dowling and his wife sold their house and moved to Florida. A year later they were separated. In 28 short months, the Dowling family had gone from prosperous gaiety to total collapse.

These two case histories show the basic pattern a family follows in a crisis. When the blow falls, the first reaction is shock. For several days they continue to follow their habitual routine, but gradually they are forced to face the reality of the crisis. Facing the challenge is the vital turning point. Sociologists have discovered that a surprising number of families try to ignore misfortunes; in one study the proportion was as high as 20%. This only leaves the family open to worse trouble in the future.

Once the crisis is faced, the family summons its emotional and material resources to meet it. Harsh decisions loom up. Budgets need revision; children suddenly resent discipline. Inevitably, the way they meet such challenges gives a husband and wife new insights into each other, and the revised opinions, for better or worse, may last a lifetime.

Sometimes a crisis gives a father an opportunity to seize the family leadership from a domineering wife. One husband did this by extricating a pampered son from a brush with the law, after years of silently acquiescing to the way his wife was spoiling the boy. On the other hand, a father who reacts to trouble with helpless rigidity, as Leon Dowling did, will forever forfeit his authority.

What type of family meets a crisis best? Most researchers agree that the democratic family is best

equipped to handle trouble. When mother or the father is the sole boss, the family may be glaringly weak in a crisis, especially if the leader is incapacitated, or reacts badly under strain.

However, the democratic pattern by no means foregoes discipline. A good democratic family is "parent-centered." Husband and wife function as a team and are in fundamental agreement on basic values and goals, and the children are aware of what their parents expect from them.

A social scientist, Robert C. Angell, has analyzed the emotional and intellectual resources a family needs to meet a crisis. He found that there were two essential qualities, integration and adaptability.

In an integrated family, every member accepts the role each one plays. Common interests are another trait. The family does things together, whether it be sports, picnics, rides in the country, or just watching television.

When trouble comes from within, integration is a family's most important resource. But in an external crisis, such as serious illness or loss of income, the family must also have adaptability, "the ability to roll with the punch." An external crisis almost always forces a family to make major changes in its basic organization. Making, and accepting, these changes is vital to the continued health of the family.

The thing which most frequently

prevents people from making sensible changes is a materialistic philosophy of life. If, like Leon Dowling and his wife and children, you measure personal worth in terms of possessions, even a mild financial reverse can cause a crisis. To be adaptable, a family needs a set of values which places love above bank accounts.

Traditionalism is another barrier to adaptability. Many people resist any change from the family pattern they knew as children. This was the emotion which sent Leon Dowling into a tantrum when his wife suggested going back to teaching. To him, a working wife was proof of his failure as breadwinner.

Certain basic stratagems discovered in family-crisis studies help families adapt to adversity. Dr. Florence Hollis, noted marriage counselor, points out that a crisis almost always means a breakdown of family communication.

When fear, anxiety, anger, jealousy, and other emotions are in the air, words take on all sorts of private meanings. A simple remark like "I don't want to discuss it" can translate into "I don't love you," and people rarely give each other a chance to explain. Every family needs to have a definite understanding that no matter how heated their arguments, there will be a time in the future when they will sit down and try to talk out the problem in a reasonable way. The sooner the talking is done, the better. In fact,

Dr. Hollis says, "If I have any one piece of really practical advice to offer, it is this: 'Don't go to bed mad.'"

An ideal device for keeping communications open is gaining widespread acceptance: the family council. Families who use it regularly have a specific day set aside each week or month on which they jointly thrash out big decisions. When the children are young, it is an ideal way to give them a sense of family unity without burdening them with premature responsibilities. As they grow older, their opinions are consulted more seriously, and their share in decision making increases.

Frank Blair, the head newscaster on Dave Garroway's morning show *Today*, has even gone as far as to endow his family (seven children) with a constitution and by-laws. Everybody has a vote on big decisions, and as a child advances in age, his vote carries more weight. Not all families may wish to use so elaborate a technique. But there are few which cannot profit from a council in a crisis.

Our families are too valuable to take lightly. The family that is aware of what a crisis means, and is alert to ways of meeting it, will find that daily life together contains less tension and more mutual confidence and love. They will feel secure in the knowledge that when the challenge comes, they will have no reason to fear.

The Amazing Alberghettis

If music be the food of family love, play on, they say

AT THE ROYAL Nevada hotel in Las Vegas last year, a jovial little ex-cellist from Pesaro, Italy, his pianist wife, and three talented offspring made theatrical history long to be remembered.

While an audience that included such stars as Jimmy Durante, Donald O'Connor, Red Skelton, Alan Ladd, Eddie Fisher, and Rosemary Clooney all but tore off the roof in rhapsodic applause, the amazing Alberghettis, as one Hollywood columnist dubbed them, gave a performance that for brilliance and versatility has seldom been equaled.

Not since the days when the Seven Little Foys were captivating theatergoers all over America has there been anything to which it might be compared. From start to finish it was a genuine *family* triumph. For more than two hours the Alberghettis ran the gamut from grand opera to toe-tapping tunes from the *Hit Parade*.

Nineteen-year-old Anna Maria, probably the best known of the clan because of her TV and moving-picture appearances, trilled her way through everything from the



Caro Nome aria from *Rigoletto* to *My Cheatin' Heart*. Sixteen-year-old Carla showed why competent judges say she has the greatest musical potential of all the Alberghettis. Eleven-year-old Paul, a veteran of the podium from the age of six, conducted the augmented orchestra with the nonchalant skill that had previously caused Pierre Monteux of the San Francisco symphony to clasp him in his arms and label him a budding genius.

The audience demanded encore after encore until the exhausted

quintet finally had to beg to be excused.

Back in their rooms, the Alberghettis indulged in only the briefest round of family congratulations before retiring for the night. Next morning, while the rest of Las Vegas was still asleep, the Alberghettis were up and about. It was Sunday, and the family attended early Mass together.

Papa Daniele Alberghetti, now 53, was born in Pesaro, in central Italy. Life was uncomplicated there, but hard. You worked in the fields or in a factory or in a shop in town. You went to church and tried to live up to your religious duties. And you sang, both in church and elsewhere.

Daniele sang louder and more often than most of the other boys his age. As long as he can remember, he wanted to be a professional singer. A baritone, but possessed of a tenor's range, he was well on the way to becoming a name to be reckoned with in opera circles of Naples and Venice when tragedy struck. A ruptured blood vessel in his throat, brought about, he says, by careless coaching on the part of one of his voice teachers, destroyed his plans.

He chose to remain in music, but in a sphere where his throat defect would not be a liability. By hard practice, he made himself a cellist, so good a one that for ten years he was a star performer with the Teatro Comunale in Bologna and the La Scala Opera company in Milan.

But he wasn't satisfied. Ever since he had decided to make music his career he had dreamed of starting a musical dynasty. "I don't think it was egotism," he will tell you. "I loved music so much that I wanted to give as much of it as I could to everyone who would listen. When I was forced to give up singing because of my throat, I thought I was finished. It was Victoria, my wife, who helped persuade me otherwise."

A gifted musician in her own right, Victoria was on the teaching staff at the Conservatory of Music on the island of Rhodes when Daniele accepted the post of director of the school.

Her love of music was as great as his, and they soon found themselves drawn to each other. It wasn't the happiest time for a courtship. Rhodes was then an outpost of Mussolini's fascist empire. War clouds were already gathering over the Mediterranean.

After their marriage, Daniele and Victoria continued to work at the conservatory until, on May 15, 1936, Anna Maria was born.

"She was a lovely baby," Mama Alberghetti recalls. "But she used to cry so much at night we just knew she had to be a singer. With her pair of lungs, there simply wasn't any doubt!"

At the incredibly early age of six, Anna Maria, carefully coached by her father, began to captivate audiences all over the tiny island. By



Anna Maria

now the 2nd World War was well into its second year and the strategic importance of Rhodes mounted with every passing hour.

Time after time, the Alberghettis appealed to the military governor to allow them to return to the Italian mainland, not for their own sake but for the sake of little Anna Maria and Baby Carla. Time after time, the governor refused.

Desperate, the Alberghettis invited the governor to a concert in which Anna Maria sang all his favorite arias. He was impressed, particularly at the ease with which the child sent her flutelike soprano soaring two and a half octaves to G over high C. With a Latin burst of emotion, he gave the Alberghettis permission to leave.

Back in Italy, the family ran into a series of disappointments. The country was in a ferment because of the war. Food was scarce, tempers ran high, and people took less than kindly to a family whose whole life was wrapped up in music.

"I was only a little bit of a thing," Anna Maria recalls, "and it must have annoyed people to see me get up on a stage and sing when other children my age were thinking only of bread. If they had realized how often I sang when I was hungry, maybe they'd have been different."

With the Allied invasions of North Africa and Italy, the Alberghetti fortunes took a turn for the better. While they had kept their feelings pretty much to themselves in order to eat, they were completely out of sympathy with the fascists.

Anna Maria sang for the American GI's wherever her parents could find an audience. At one of her concerts, the Archbishop of Todi rubbed shoulders with the soldiers. After the performance, he came backstage and presented her with a statue of the Sacred Heart. To this day she keeps the statue in her dressing room and prays before it before going out to sing.

After the war, the Alberghettis, augmented by the arrival of baby Paul, toured the Continent. One afternoon in Copenhagen they went to see an American movie. With the movie was a travelogue about the U.S. When they came out of the theater, all they could talk about was the beauty and wonder of what they had seen. Somehow, they would have to get to America!

Two months later a concert manager named Ettore Verna opened the door. One recital by Anna Maria, and Verna's enthusiasm knew no bounds. He made arrangements for Anna Maria and her parents to come to the U.S. Carla and Paul were to be cared for by relatives in Italy.

At Anna Maria's initial performance in Carnegie Hall in New York,

a crowd of 1,500, unusually large for an unpublicized child soprano, gave her an ovation. The New York *Times* music critic hailed her recital as "some of the purest, loveliest sounds that have been heard all season." A reporter from an Italian-language newspaper rhapsodized, "*Un angelo del paradiso!*" Famed baritone Giuseppe de Luca tearfully embraced her backstage, and told her to guard her voice jealously because it was a "divine instrument."

Audiences and critics at her three succeeding performances in New York's Lewisohn stadium, at Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia, and as soloist with the Boston Philharmonic, were just as ecstatic. For a more practical reason, so was Ed Sullivan.

"The biggest bombshell to hit television in years," he wrote following Anna Maria's initial appearance on his *Toast of the Town*. "She should be deluged with TV and movie offers."

She was—but she didn't accept them. Papa Alberghetti knew only too well how a young performer could be "killed" by appearing too often. She returned to Europe for another concert tour.

When the Alberghettis reached their home town, Pesaro, they found that a holiday had been declared in their honor. The streets were jammed with well-wishers, brass bands blared, the mayor made a speech. Anna Maria responded with a song.

When the family ended its tour,

author-composer Gian-Carlo Menotti filled the Alberghettis' cup of happiness to overflowing by offering Anna Maria one of the leads in the film version of his opera *The Medium*. The only rub was that the film was to be made in English, and Anna's English was confined to a very few stilted phrases of appreciation.

"I'll teach her myself!" Menotti declared. And he did. In just ten days, he had Anna Maria letter-perfect for her part, that of a child dominated by an overbearing, distraught parent.

The picture brought Anna Maria a fresh set of glowing notices, plus an offer from Bing Crosby to appear with him and Jane Wyman in *Here Comes the Groom*. One of the highlights of the film was the scene in which Anna Maria, as a blind girl, sings the aria *Caro Nome*, the same aria which she had sung at her first concert at the age of six, and one of the numbers which had helped win her family's release from the Rhodesdetention.

"I don't think I've ever put as much into a song as I did into that one," she says.

Paul



"Bing told me afterwards he was so choked up when I finished that he could hardly speak."

In 1953, Anna Maria appeared with Lauritz Melchior in *The Stars Are Singing*. In 1954, following one last tour of Europe, the Alberghettis (all five of them this time) came to the U. S. for good. The two youngest children, Carla and Paul, suddenly began to blossom forth in new surroundings.

Carla appeared on several TV shows: *Family Theater*; Father Keller's *Christopher* programs; Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club*; *General Electric Theater* (with the whole family); and Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life*. "She actually has a better voice now than I had at her age," Anna Maria told a visitor recently.

Paul, just turned nine when he came to America, astonished the music world by conducting the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra at Robin Hood Dell before an audience of 7,000. While his listeners were still applauding his masterly interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Paul was off in a corner drinking a bottle of pop.

"Aren't you nervous?" someone asked him.

"A little," he answered, "but not too much. After all, I've been doing this conducting in Italy since I was six."

"He'll still be conducting at 66," Mama Alberghetti explains, "because he'll never be able to sing. He has a voice like a foghorn. Only the fact that he has a marvelous sense of rhythm and an instinctive feeling for musical coordination saves him from being the musical black sheep of the family."

Paul, now 12, attends St. Ambrose parochial school in Hollywood. His parents insist that he leave his talent and fame outside the school doors. Carla is a student at Marymount High school, Beverly Hills. When she isn't studying or practicing singing, she has to help out with the family chores. Anna Maria regularly sees a private tutor. Her infrequent dates (almost exclusively with students from Loyola university in Los Angeles) must be approved by her parents.

The Alberghettis have one major nonprofessional aim: to become American citizens. "Our lives and our musical destinies are all in America now," says Papa Alberghetti. "This indeed is the land of greater opportunity."

Matter of Taste

A MOVIEGOER stepped up to the box office and asked for two seats in the balcony. "That'll be \$3.85," said the girl behind the glass.

"But the sign says 'popular prices,'" the man protested. "Do you call that a popular price?"

"Well," replied the girl sweetly, "we like it."

American Weekly.

All Drivers Are Experts

But an expert can be a menace

IF YOU DRIVE a car, you're an expert. Maybe you haven't thought about it, but consider how many hours you sit behind the steering wheel in control of a heavy, 200-horsepower machine. You whiz unconcernedly along, judging distances so nicely that you can clear an approaching truck by two feet, a stone in the road by half an inch. The controls of the machine seem almost to merge with your own muscles. You do most of the right things automatically: brake when slowing is required, shift, turn, adjust speed.

Driving a car takes as many quick reflex actions as playing football or ice hockey. Some airplane pilots say that, hour for hour, driving is more complicated, more dangerous, and requires more nice judgments at more times than flying. Of course, in bad weather and during landings and take-offs, pilots have to make delicate and fateful decisions. But these times are few and far between compared with the continuous stream of quick judgments re-



quired of the driver on a crowded highway.

Expertness is fine, but strangely enough, it's also a bit dangerous. People in the armed forces say they are more fearful of being blown sky high by expert ammunition handlers than by those who have never before touched high explosives. The reason is that the experts, having done the job time after time without mishap, may get careless.

In the same way, you may have at times driven without paying much attention to what you were doing. Perhaps you have driven home over a familiar route and later not been able to recollect any particular incident of the trip. Some motorists have even driven through whole towns with no recollection afterward of having done so.

When the driver is thinking out some office or family problem, his reflexes take over and drive the car. He does the obvious things such as stopping at red traffic lights and giving signals. But unfortunately he may not catch the little visual

clues that give warning of danger ahead—a pedestrian about to step off the curb or the car stopping far up the highway. It is because of inattentive driving that motorists sometimes exclaim after an accident, "It happened so fast I didn't have time to do anything!"

Truck-fleet operators recognize that carelessness often comes from expertness. They make their drivers take refresher courses, not only to keep the men on their toes while driving, but also to bring them up to date on the latest techniques.

The drivers are asked to write down on a sheet of paper the number of feet they need to stop at 20 miles an hour. Even among experienced drivers the guesses usually show a wide range. The instructor then takes them out on the road in a trailer truck rigged up for a detonator test. Three shotgun shells loaded with chalk are attached to the front bumper and aimed downward so as to mark the highway on detonation. The first shell is fired as a signal for an emergency stop. The driver's foot hitting the brake automatically fires the second shell. A mercury switch then fires the third when the brakes actually take hold.

At 20 miles an hour it takes an average driver 22 feet just to get his foot off the accelerator and onto the brake. The test can also show that the distance required to stop increases as the square of the speed. Thus, it takes four times as far to

stop at 30 miles an hour as it does at 15. It's not easy to tell this to an experienced truck driver, but the chalk marks on the pavement don't lie.

The detonator test and tests involving driving through intricate patterns of chalk marks set up on the highway aren't practical for testing the ordinary driver. But some other tests are. Here is a questionnaire similar to the ones given to commercial drivers. It was prepared by a famous pioneer in driver training, Dr. Amos E. Neyhart, head of Pennsylvania State university's Institute of Public Safety. Dr. Neyhart is consultant to many large trucking firms as well as the American Automobile association, and he has trained thousands of fleet supervisors and driving instructors.

The test will give you a chance to measure your own driving against what professionals consider to be the best. It may also show up some poor habits you may have acquired. Experts in every field have to jock themselves up from time to time and review their own habits and attitudes.

The wonder is that the 72 million drivers in the U.S. can whip around crowded streets and highways without complete carnage. The ordinary driver is an expert—there's no doubt about it. At the same time, he should remember that the designation *expert* takes a little living up to.

How do you really rate as a driver?

Do you	Points	Always	Frequently	Seldom	Never
1. Keep windshield and windows clean?	3	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2. Warm up engine before starting out on cold days? (Prevents stalling in traffic.)		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3. Check brakes before entering heavy traffic and after driving through water?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4. Check lights, horn, windshield wipers, rear-view mirror, defrosters, and steering before starting out?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
5. Check all gauges periodically?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
6. Know the meaning of, and observe, all traffic signs and signals?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
7. Drive one vehicle length behind for each 10 mph of speed?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
8. Signal intentions when slowing down or stopping?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
9. Signal when making right or left turns?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
10. Signal when changing lanes or pulling away from the curb?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
11. Watch out for children or other pedestrians?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12. Avoid making U turns and turning around illegally or at unsafe places?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
13. Avoid stopping or parking near curves or hilltops?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
14. Avoid passing other vehicles on curves or near hilltops or under other unsafe conditions?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
15. Wait until you see the car you just passed in your rear-view mirror before you return to your lane of traffic?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
16. Avoid making turns from the wrong side?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
17. Avoid hogging the road by straddling lanes or driving over the center line?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
18. Avoid driving faster than marked speed limits?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
19. Avoid changing from lane to lane to gain an advantage?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
20. Yield right of way, even though it is yours legally, when there is a question as to who should go first?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
21. Avoid turning your head while carrying on a conversation with passengers?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
22. Avoid using high beam on your lights when other vehicles are on the road?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
23. Avoid driving when sleepy, drowsy, or fatigued?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
24. Avoid driving after even one drink?		<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

25. Avoid trying to get traffic tickets fixed?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
26. Avoid carrying business, financial, or family worries with you while driving?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
27. Avoid trying to "get even" with drivers when they do something wrong?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
28. Have car inspected periodically even though it may not be required by law?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
29. Carry adequate insurance protection?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
30. Park car at a safe place, remove keys, and lock all doors?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Now add up the points you earned on each question. If your score is between 75 and 90, you're an expert. If you come out between 60 and 74, you're average. If you are below 60, you'd better reform.



Disappointed Appetite

A FRIEND of mine was dawdling over his lunch in a restaurant the other day when he happened to notice that the chap at the next table had been waiting for service for some little time. The man tried repeatedly to catch the waitress' eye; no result.

At long last, the hostess came over and handed the impatient man a menu. After another long interval the waitress appeared, took his order, and left. More time elapsed. The man kept glancing at his watch, first in anxiety, then in annoyance, finally, in desperation. Again he tried to catch the waitress' eye; again no result.

Suddenly he reached into his pocket, took out a pencil, scribbled something on the tablecloth, and left.

Overcome by curiosity, my friend stepped over to the next table and read what was written. Three words appeared, in neat block capitals: **GONE TO LUNCH.**

E. E. Kenyon in the *American Weekly* (18 March '56).

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A MARRIED couple had suddenly made a lot of money mining uranium. The wife purchased a large, imposing home, and immediately began to entertain on a lavish scale. Her husband had misgivings about her social-climbing aspirations, but, being devoted to his wife, he tried to go along.

One evening, at the conclusion of an elaborately formal dinner, the wife rang for the maid to clear the table. Then, arching her eyebrows in patrician fashion, she addressed her husband. "Dear, shall we take our coffee in the library?"

"It's too late," replied her husband, shaking his head sadly, "the library closes at nine."

Wall St. Journal (22 Aug. '55).

By G. I. Jackson
As told to James W. Ryan
Condensed from the "Holy Name Journal"*

Men of the Airborne

They are proud knights of the sky, with miles and miles of heart and faith

THE DOOR OF the jump plane was empty. The paratrooper ahead of me was gone. Now—what was I sweating for? Me, I was a member of the Airborne, wasn't I? The Airborne, whom even the old-guard Marines must respect.

Nevertheless, I was asking myself, "You're not really going to jump, are you? You must be crazy! Say a prayer, quick!" I shuddered.

But what was there to be afraid of? I'd been pretty proud of myself back there on the ground during the weeks of intensive training. Proud of having volunteered, of having qualified and of sticking it out.

I'd taken the required 16 weeks of basic training, and then come on to the U. S. Army Airborne school at Fort Benning. I was finishing my two weeks of training at the school; all that remained was jumping from an airplane in flight—or, "in fright," as the troopers say.

I had stood the test of the 35-foot tower, the "big separator," where most of the youths dropped out. I had succeeded at the 250-foot tower, a miniature Eiffel tower, where



a bad wind could send an errant trooper smashing into its waiting girders and into a long, bone-breaking fall.

I'd survived the long hours in the aircraft mock-up area, where interior plane conduct was practiced to perfection, and the tiresome repetitions of the proper exit from an airborne plane, so important to any man taking that first long step.

Now, the instructors had washed their hands of us. They had sweat-ed us out, and rather than wish us good luck beforehand, they were waiting to come around later to shake hands with us after we'd

made our first five jumps and qualified for parachutists' wings.

Long before sunrise, we had mustered for roll call and the truck ride to the near-by airfield. It was cold and damp at the airfield, and the roar of the C-46's motors drowned out all nervous chatter. Lights showed dimly from the operation shack, and the flames from the planes' exhausts cut eerie swaths along the termac.

Forming long, single lines, we shuffled to the parachute maintenance warehouse and drew our chutes, sounding off with our names and serial numbers plus the number of the chute. If the chute fails to open, and they can't identify you, the chute number can always be checked to see who packed the chute.

Then, forming parallel lines facing each other, we fitted chutes, helping one another to make sure no straps were twisted; that the safety forks were in the quick-release box, where the leg and shoulder straps fastened and locked; that the bridle knot that tied the static line to the canopy of the chute was in order; that reserve chutes were secure and showing their little inspection leads.

The pale false dawn slithered up in the east, and lay across the horizon. The parachute-maintenance men, colorfully bedecked with red baseball caps, passed along the ranks, laughing and joking among themselves, checking and double-

checking each man. An officer called for silence, and read off the jump manifests, lists with approximately 30 names and the number of the plane they were assigned to.

"O.K. Saddle up and move out. No talking!" Who felt like talking with 40 pounds of chute cramping and pulling at his body, forcing him to walk like a Texas cowhand after the last roundup?

Then we stood on the airdrome. The concrete runway was hard and friendless beneath our feet, and the planes' prop blasts threatened to blow us down the field. The jumpmaster stood in our plane's open door grinning at us. What was so funny? The ladder was aluminum, and slippery, and I needed a hand up to get myself inside my first airplane.

The plane was no commercial airliner! The coal-bucket seats were side by side, like those in the old streetcars. I found my seat, and plopped down. Even now, the sweat was starting to gather, but glancing around, I saw the others perspiring liberally, so I felt more at ease.

Fifteen men to a side, we faced each other with not even a word for old friends. The pilot came through, delivering jump instructions and emergency orders for possible air accidents. Then the jumpmaster, still grinning, pulled up the aluminum steps. Without a glance at us, he grasped the two anchor-line cables that ran the length of the fuselage, and lifted his bulky

frame clear of the floor. The cables sagged slightly, but held.

The aluminum fuselage reverberated until I thought it would shake itself to pieces; went back on its haunches; and roared down the runway. I was the third man in my stick of 15 troopers. Through the open door, I could see the gray haze of the runway flash past, and then it pulled away from us, sinking lower and lower. The roar of the engines diminished when we leveled off at 1,000 feet above Georgia's red clay and sand. The drop zone was only a few flying minutes away; already the C-46 had banked and made its run for it. We weren't going to have much time to think about this jump.

"Are you happy?" This from the jumpmaster.

"Yeh!" This from us in not such loud tones.

"Is everybody going to jump?"

"Yeh!"

The jumpmaster stuck his head out the open doorway to watch for the jump panels on the ground marking the jump zone. The 130-mile-per-hour wind ruffled the flesh of his neck into deep folds.

He turned, grinning, and yelled, "Get ready!"

I took the static line in my right hand, and slammed my left foot down hard.

"Stand up!"

The men wavered, and struggled up out of their seats.

"Hook up!"

I reached for the steel cable that ran overhead the length of the plane, hooked the snap fastener on the end of the static line over the cable, and yanked down hard. With shaking hands, I inserted the cotter pin to make sure it didn't unlock. Some of the fellows had trouble with their pins: the insertion holes seemed to shrink and the pins to expand.

"Check equipment! Sound off for equipment check! First man shuffle and stand in the door!"

I watched a buddy from Milwaukee shuffle forward, throw his static line along the anchor-line cable to the rear of the plane so that it would be out of the doorway; watched him grasp the side of the door with his left hand, pivot, and stand in the door. I watched his face. He was looking straight ahead at the horizon rather than at the ground; his jaws moved methodically, working on a large wad of gum. I wondered if I would be as cool as he looked.

The buzzer sounded, and the red light flashed. We were over the jump panels.

"Go!"

The door was empty. My buddy was gone. The second man shuffled forward, repeating the first man's actions. The jumpmaster patted him on the rear, and he was gone.

Then the jumpmaster turned, looked at me, and with his left forefinger beckoned me forward. "Shuffle, shuffle, starboard door! Left foot

forward like a rhumba. Keep that right arm up! Don't let the static line slip under it, or you'll lose your arm when the chute opens. Now the door. Grasp it! Throw the static line, hard! Pivot! The right foot comes around—slam it down hard! Toe over the edge of the doorway!"

Now was the time for my quick prayer. Was this for real? Was I crazy? What was I doing here? What ever made me decide to be a paratrooper? I must remember to count.

The open doorway beckoned. I was framed in it now with both arms extended, hands flat against the outside of the plane. I looked down. Squares, big and green, small and brown. The earth made sense when viewed from the air.

I felt the pat on my seat. I leaned back into the plane, then hurtled forward, pulling myself out with my hands and pushing off with my right foot. The instant my hands left the plane's side they grasped for the reserve chute. My chin went down on my chest, and my legs straightened out and came together as though I was at attention on the parade ground.

I started to count, "One thousand, two thousand, three thousand." If the chute didn't open then, your right hand pulled hard on the reserve-chute handle. At 1,000 feet, counting as I did gives the main chute three seconds to open. If it doesn't open, you have five seconds to pull your reserve parachute, or

streamer, before you hit the ground.

I jumped out of the plane at a 90° angle. The prop blast caught me, and turned me so that I was facing the rear of the plane. The C-46's tail wing looked like it was going to hit me in the stomach; then I zoomed under it and started falling fast. My static line, hooked to the cable, unraveled its 15 feet of length, pulled the back pack off my main chute as I fell; it pulled four feet of the chute from the pack, and then broke at the bridle cord. I was falling free.

I opened my eyes. I watched my boots rise higher and higher, and then go up past my head. There was a sickening feeling in my stomach, and a noise like a train rushing through a tunnel. At "Three thous—" I heard the risers singing past my head, and braced myself.

I had left the plane at 130 miles an hour. Now I had slowed down to about 90-100 mph when the chute opened. From that speed to absolute zero mph meant a smashing halt, called opening shock. My rigorous physical exercise stood me in good stead. It was like crashing into a stone wall.

Slightly dazed, yet happy that the chute had opened, I took a quick look around, saw no one near; and then I reached high on the parachute risers, raised myself, arching my back, to check the canopy. It was in beautiful shape: no torn panels nor shroud lines.

For a few seconds, the air was silent as I hung 800 feet over the earth. The next moment, the air was filled with "Slip away; look out below; slip to your right; to your rear; get off my chute!"

I was getting quite pleased with myself for having gone through with the jump when I noticed that the earth, which had been lying dormant, was now rushing up at me as if to smash me back into the airplane. I didn't realize how fast you fall even with a chute.

Looking down to make sure I wasn't going to land on any trees or rocks, I went into the prepare-to-land attitude: hands high on the risers, feet together, toes pointed down, head up, and eyes on the horizon. "Don't look down; you'll tighten up and break your legs when you hit."

My boots drove five inches into the clay. Then my thighs hit, and next I was on my back, protecting my face with my hands to keep any stumps or brush from tearing at my eyes. The chute collapsed with a sigh, settling slowly over. I lay still for a minute, feeling the coolness of the silk on my face.

"O.K., trooper, let's go! That's only one!"

That was No. 1, and the easiest

jump for me, because never having jumped from a plane I had to experience it to know what it feels like. Old jumpers could tell you what it was like, but not until you had actually made one did you know the true reactions: the nervousness and fear in the plane; the sickening fall; the body-smashing opening shock; the dangers of entanglement in the air; the jarring jolt of hitting the ground.

After the first one, it was just a job that had to be done and with not much relish. Illusion was gone; reality and knowledge had taken its place.

If war comes, would I go Airborne again? Ha! Absolutely! Men of the Airborne, volunteers all, are romanticists, who still believe in knights in shining armor. They are men of strength, physically and mentally. They are men of pride, in themselves and in their outfit. They are men of courage of mind and heart, of the courage that makes them hook up when their legs have turned to boiled macaroni. They are, above all, men who believe in a Supreme Being: God, for most of them; for others, at least the assurance that there is Something or Someone especially interested in their welfare.



SIGN observed in a local ice-cream parlor: "Teen-age spoken here."

A. E. Downey.

By Marian McBride
*Condensed from "Today"***

Master of Arts—and Souls

A 29-year-old Wisconsin Cistercian is artist, teacher, prison reformer, parole officer, but, above all, priest

THE COUPLE explained belligerently to the young monk-artist that they were getting a divorce; they had promised to come and see him, but nothing he could tell them would change their minds. He listened quietly while they bitterly enumerated their grievances.

"While I think over your problem, why don't you go out in the workshop and design yourselves new wedding rings?" Father Robert asked.

Rebelliously, they repeated that they had come to get rid of the old pair. But Father insisted that he would not attempt to help them unless they did as he asked. They lingered at the studio until midnight and returned many times in the next weeks. After completing the rings, they forged a silver fork, spoon, and cup for their baby and the father began a black-walnut crib. At the end of six weeks, Father Robert walked into the workshop where the couple was engrossed in a project and told them he was ready to discuss their prob-



lem. They looked up, startled, at his remark.

"But we don't have a problem any more."

This story typifies dozens told about the gentle-voiced, youthful Father Robert Jeliffe, a Cistercian monk who is director of the Damascus Art studio at Okauchee, Wis. His studio has become not only a mecca for those interested in liturgical art but also a haven for the problem-ridden.

"Many people ask me if they may come to the studio and make something," Father says. "Even as they ask I know they have a difficulty. But the workshop gives them a reason to come. It's easier than an-

* 1700 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill. January, 1956. © 1956 by Today Magazine, and reprinted with permission.

nouncing they have a problem. And they go away not only at peace, but with a new hobby and interest."

The studio and its 29-year-old director attract all ages and groups: seminarians, young children, engaged couples, entire families, teenage parolees, and medical groups interested in Father's views on occupational therapy. All these have learned the way to this modern Damascus.

Hugging the bank of Lake Oconomowoc, the ultramodern red-brick studio is a wing of the mellowed monastery building of the Cistercians of Our Lady of Spring Bank. At Spring Bank's silver-jubilee celebration in 1953, Cardinal Stritch was presented with a chalice created by Father Robert, the first product of the new studio. In his acceptance, the cardinal recalled urging the monks when they immigrated from Europe to make their monastery a center of the liturgical crafts. Father Robert's ordination the year before had been a unique occasion, for he was the first American ordained in the Order after the Cistercians' two-decade struggle to establish themselves in the U.S.

Father Robert grew up in Pine Ridge, S.D., where his father teaches at the Sioux Indian-reservation school. He counts his childhood among the Sioux as the most important influence in developing his artistic interests.

"The Indians' integrity of material and design made a deep im-

pression on me," Father says. "I was always interested in fine arts, but I also wanted to be a priest. It was divine providence that I found a place where I could combine the priesthood and art."

Following his ordination in 1952, Father Robert did further graduate work in theology, psychology, and fine arts at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C. Two more facets of the young monk's experience were developed there. In addition to his studies, he was chaplain of a federal penitentiary near Washington and did rehabilitation work at the army's Walter Reed hospital. Both activities left a deep impression on his personality.

"The warden told me that he felt the rehabilitation program at the penitentiary needed revision. 'We don't rehabilitate, Father,' he said. 'We are given a robber, and ten years later we return to the world a robber with a prison record.'

"We based our new program on the premise that the mentally ill must be given work that not merely occupies their time but makes them use their minds as well," Father explains. "Under the old system, the prisoners were working on assembly-line production, doing the same stereotyped job every day. Their work did not challenge their minds. We taught the prisoners architecture, jewelry making, and fine silver work. The convicts completely redecorated the prison chap-

el, their dining hall, and even the warden's office."

Father Robert's new program met with such success that he has since received requests from seven other federal prisons to draw up plans for similar creative rehabilitation courses. In conjunction with this work, Father Robert has conducted a survey among inmates of several federal prisons.

The survey featured a questionnaire with three simple but revealing questions. "Do you ever remember hearing good music played in your home?" was answered Yes by only 10% of the inmates. "Do you remember your home as beautiful and your mother as attractive?" brought Yes from only 11%. In the third part, the men were asked if they could remember working in a home workshop with their father or going hunting or fishing with him; only 16% could say Yes.

"The tragedy of these prisons," Father continues as he warms to one of his favorite subjects, "is that most of the men in them are by no means subnormals. Many of these men have superior IQ's. For example, a group of fellows came to me when I was chaplain and asked if I would get them some books. The list consisted of advanced physics, electronics, and chemistry texts. I could not even understand some of the titles. But with no previous experience and working only with these books, they built me a television set. They made all the tubes,

including the picture tube, in the chemistry lab."

"Our homes, our schools, and our neighborhoods are failing these young people," the monk continued. "Give youngsters a chance to create, and they won't be destructive."

Some of Father's gentleness leaves him as he talks of this waste of youth. And he has more than his theories to support his opinions. Despite his own happy youth, he has had unusual success working with reformatory parolees. He has had as many as 12 paroled to him at one time. He finds them jobs, guides them, and works with them. Asked if he has trouble getting them to report, he answered, "No, they come so often I don't even have to set up regular appointments. They're lonely, and all they need is someone interested in them."

Combining these various vocations—art director, retreat master, teacher, psychologist, prison reformer, and parole officer—does not seem strange to Father Robert. First and always a priest, he believes a true Christian must be "all things to all people." But his friends marvel at the ability of this young monk to spread his activities so thin without diluting the strength of any. With all his outside interests, he still maintains the strict monastic life of the Cistercian. He rises at 4:30, and is often working until midnight, teaching his weekly night course on art at Marquette university, counselling, or filling a

heavy schedule of speaking engagements.

While all these outside activities continue, the program at Damascus is on a seven-day, all-day, late-into-the-evening schedule. Certain groups, like the doctors and nurses, meet at an appointed time. Many organizations and women's clubs make tours of the studio, staying for lectures and demonstrations. The studio's alumni even include faculty members of Nashotah house, a nearby Episcopalian seminary.

Each August since its opening, the studio has conducted a three-week summer session. The enrollees live at the manor house on the monastery grounds. Single persons and couples attend, combining their art study and craftwork with the serenity of the monastery atmosphere in the beautiful setting of what at one time was Wisconsin's most luxurious lake estate. The monastery has conducted laymen's retreats for years, and as retreatmaster for the last two years Father Robert has become known to thousands of week-end retreatants.

In the informal atmosphere of his studio, Father Robert generally permits his students to work with whatever they like. His own work is tastefully incorporated into the studio decorations: stations of the cross, a tremendous metal crucifix, wood and metal plaques of the saints, a stone madonna. In addition, the lecture room features exhibits by others; a Milwaukee couple

and their six and seven-year-old daughters had a month-long exhibit last fall.

A typical day in the workshop can find a girl weaving material for a spring outfit; a young man making a plywood couch and chairs in preparation for his marriage. Some paint, some sculpt, others work with stained glass. One wooden stump in the workshop bears the preliminary knife wounds of kindergarten-aged Mike's first carving. Equipment includes a large firing kiln, an electric furnace, a stone-cutting and polishing machine, and power equipment for woodworking.

Last summer, the workrooms were dominated by a group of collegiate-looking young men in T-shirts, designing and making chalices, pyxes, and patens. They were the senior seminarians from St. Francis seminary in St. Francis, Wis. Their project not only provided creative satisfaction but saved them each \$100 to \$200. Several worked their mothers' engagement diamonds or other family gems into chalices.

This monastic center of liturgical crafts recalls the powerful force of the medieval monastery in the life of a community. The monks hope to make it "an art and allied culture" center, with the eventual addition of a priest trained in music. Only a half mile off one of Wisconsin's busiest highways, Spring Bank makes an oasis of peace and beauty in a world where these qualities are increasingly hard to find.

By Lester and Irene David
Condensed from "This Week"*

Bring Back the Family Dinner

Modern modes of life tend to isolate children from parents

FOR YEARS THE symbol of the typical American family has been a picture of mother, father, and smiling youngsters gathered round the dinner table. The symbol has gone out of date. The sad but blunt truth is that the nightly family meal has become optional procedure in many households, while in others it has now come to be as obsolete as homemade ice cream.

Today, likely as not, junior is dining by TV screenlight while his older brother bursts in, gets stoked up, and bursts out again. Meanwhile, dad is still at the office, on the commuter train, or battling traffic. Sister may be primping for a date. In many homes, the family manages to get off to an even start, but the kids finish in a few minutes and are gone with the wind.

And what does it all mean? Every expert in every related field to whom we spoke agreed on this double-barreled conclusion.

1. The nightly get-together is more important to the moral, mental, and even physical strength of the individual members than most people realize.

2. If the custom has vanished in



your home, it can be revived more easily than you think.

Incidentally, these authorities make it very clear that many families still dine as a unit and have no intention of dropping the ritual. Further, the de-emphasis is confined chiefly to city and suburban homes. But a nation-wide trend away from the family evening meal is plainly evident.

Proof comes from a variety of sources, most recent of which is a coast-to-coast survey conducted by the Youth Research institute, which studies the tastes, habits, and opinions of the younger set. Lester

Rand, president, reported that only 29% of 4,310 teen-agers dine regularly with their parents, *regularly* being defined as more than three times a week. The vast majority of the rest said they either ate out, ate by themselves or with just their brothers and sisters or in each other's homes most of the time, rarely more than once or twice a week with their entire families. Another survey of 3,517 sub-teens revealed that this five-to-12 group is also abandoning the habit of family dining, Rand said.

Corroboration came from Eugene Gilbert, president of Gilbert Youth Research Co., pioneer fact-finding organization in the youth field. Similar reactions came from marriage counselors, child-welfare experts, and psychologists.

What's behind this movement away from a traditional custom?

Suburbanitis is one. Points out Dr. George H. Grosser, instructor of sociology at Queens college, New York, "The distance between father's place of work and home has increased. He frequently gets home late, and children can't wait."

Extra leisure, strangely enough, is another cause. Dr. Leonard S. Cottrell, Jr., social psychologist at the Russell Sage foundation and a former Cornell university dean, explains, "Everyone has much more to do these days, inside and outside the home, but the day still has not been expanded beyond the customary 24-hour limit. Something has

to be sacrificed, and too often it's the full-family meal."

Still another major culprit is television, which concentrates its major shows for young people between 5 and 7 p.m. Actually, there is less whole-family eating in front of TV now than a few years back, but the small fry still yammer for the set and in many cases, get their way. The Rand sub-teen survey, for instance, showed that 77% often eat dinner while watching TV and nearly four in ten claim it as a regular practice.

The Rand organization unearthed a few other interesting reasons for the decline in family dining.

1. Heavy dating. Girls skip dinner so that they can eat later with the crowd or their dates. (This has repercussions. Notes Rand, "We have found that boys are noticeably disturbed over this. Girls on dates are hungrier, and the boys have to feed them more.")

2. Female dieting. Some teen girls, extremely weight-conscious because of active social lives, do considerable dieting. "Consequently," the Rand study states, "they don't wish to eat with the family, where they are tempted and often ordered to eat more."

3. Parental nagging. "Teen-agers," Rand discovered, "actually are not too anxious to eat with their folks. Because of their actions, spending, dating, make-up, insufficient studying, they are openly criticized at the dinner table, something they

would naturally prefer to avoid."

Is all this meal stuff much ado about nothing? By no means, say experts on family life. They point out that the family meal is a big contributing factor to the solidarity of the group and the security of the individual members.

Several marriage counselors asserted that the family meal looms large as a means of preserving family harmony. One marriage counselor told us that of the 300 troubled families his organization helps each year, fewer than two or three have a custom of getting together at least once during the day.

And family meals are important, too, from the health standpoint. Nutritionists say that meals prepared for everyone are better, and are eaten in relaxed, happy surroundings. Dr. Norman Kemler, who is associated with the New York City Health department's Nutrition bureau, says, "A meal under pleasant conditions with people you love is far better nutritionally than a quick meal bolted down alone."

How about it? Want to reactivate the family dinner in your home? Here are a few suggestions.

1. Establish a schedule. This is basic. Have a conclave, and pick a time convenient for all or most. Have it plainly understood by all hands that this is henceforth "dinner time" in your household, that it can be stretched a little either way, but that everyone is expected home.

2. Show and Tell. Grade-school

teachers have an interesting game for younger pupils called Show and Tell which lends itself admirably to the family table when the meal is over, or even between courses. Each child either shows an object and discourses about it, or tells an incident that occurred during the day. Parents show and tell too, of course. (Dad and mom: might be a painless way of imparting some needed instruction, too!)

3. International meals. Once a week, make the main dish a foreign one. Let the family choose the country, a new one each week. Mother can get a recipe from the library.

4. Honorary menu planners. Set up a schedule whereby each member gets a chance to plan his own menu on a specific day, father included. Everyone thus gets a favorite dish and will look forward to his turn. (Mother, of course, guides the honorary dietician, suggesting, and thereby teaching, properly balanced meals.) To heighten the sense of participation, youngsters can be encouraged to help buy the food, prepare, and even serve it.

5. Table talk. Many parents unwittingly have caused the younger family members to lose interest in dining together by indulging in long husband-wife discussions on business and social matters. It's a serious mistake. Keep the conversation general and at the kids' level.

The family meal can make a comeback. It's well worth the effort.

By James C. G. Conniff

This Is Your CYO

It's a complicated organization with room for 7 million young people

THREE TEEN-AGE gang leaders walked menacingly into a parish-canteen dance in the Bronx. The music stopped. Couples froze. In the hush, one girl excused herself to the boy she was dancing with and went to welcome the young hoodlums.

The trio listened to her coldly. Then they moved uneasily in her wake toward the punch bowl. The music resumed, and the dancing. Other girls came over, smiling, and fell into conversation as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Munching cookies, the three forgot to look loutish. Soon, they, too, were dancing. Today, they are regulars. The gang is a thing of the past.

On the coaching bench at Fordham's Coffey field, Sister Barbara Mary screams, "Now watch him steal second. He's a *thief!* Attaboy, Richie, that's my Richie!" Sister is coach of the Madonna House midg-et baseball team (top age: 14) on Manhattan's lower East Side. It is a good team, but this time, in spite of Sister's larcenous Richie, it will lose to St. Joseph's of Staten Island,

4-1.

In Lansing, Mich., a teen-age



polio victim has just come home from the hospital. Faced with an invalid's existence, he begins to lose heart. The main problem: no way of getting his wheel chair up and down stairs. Then other teen-agers hear about it, and build a ramp, make a game of the twice-daily engineering feat. They even learn the rehabilitation crafts the convalescent brought home, and set up a healthy competition with him. Slowly, the boy is rejoicing society.

A 24-year-old mechanic in Jersey City piles into his car after supper and picks up half a dozen blind men at St. Joseph's home for their regular trip to St. Bridget's in Newark. There Father Richard McGinnis and Father John Hourihan have a spirited program going: choral groups, socials, reading, instruction, all kinds of entertainment.

"Losing compression in two cylinders," one of the blind men mur-

murs, his head cocked. "May save you a valve job if you get right at it." The young volunteer chauffeur grins in wonder. His own trained mechanic's ears have detected nothing.

But his heart has. Like 7 million other American Catholics between the ages of seven and 30, he is an active part of the highly diversified youth program which in just five years has embraced three-fourths of our 130 dioceses. Along with those in the above sampling, he represents your CYO at its high-tempo, modern best.

Twenty years ago there was no such thing as a Catholic Youth organization. Pioneering Bishop Bernard Sheil's fine youth work in Chicago was a lone beacon on the American scene. Abroad, Hitler and Mussolini were lighting up the sky with their organized corruption of youth.

Drawn to the one and alarmed by the other, the president of the Central Office of Catholic Action, Giuseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, urged the formation of a National Council of Catholic Youth in the U. S. to "promote Christian ideals and safeguard the young from the many pitfalls they encounter."

It was a big order. Ours is a vast country. What works in Omaha may not do at all in Tallahassee. But our hierarchy decided to try. In 1940 they added a Youth department to the National Catholic Welfare conference.

This was initially divided into a college or Newman club section, and a diocesan section for parishes. The Newman clubs had to weather harsh criticism, even from within the Church. But because they won out, elaborate physical plants today enable some 350,000 young Catholics at secular universities like Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, and North Dakota to remain close to their faith and make its influence felt.

But even in Catholic colleges the new youth movement got off to a rugged start. It took three nose dives in a row with the 2nd World War, the hectic postwar enrollment period, and the Korean interruption. Today, the National Federation of Catholic College Students (NFCCS) is a power for good, respected everywhere.

The chronic fund shortage of the American undergraduate is well known. Yet, since 1951, NFCCS members have dredged from their own pockets \$1½ million to help needy college students in Europe. Recently, the federation's moderator, Bishop James A. McNulty of Paterson, N.J., came up with a good idea that has already gone into effect. Since the NFCCS provides thousands of catechism teachers for public-school children, why not college scholarships for students from missionary regions in the U. S. who would make spreading the faith back home an integral part of their life's work? Colleges in a position

to cooperate have done so. Others are expected to join soon.

At the parish level, the Catholic youth movement is more complex. Parish councils coordinate all youth activities within the parish: Junior Holy Name, Boy Scouts, Columbian Squires, Sodality, Junior Catholic Daughters, athletic competitions, and social events. This prevents conflict, often makes for wider participation in a given undertaking than might otherwise be possible. The heads of the various groups make up the parish council.

Next step up is the deanery or district council. Delegates from the parishes meet once a month or so, channel information from the diocesan and national councils to the parishes, plan interparish activities, and exchange ideas and information.

The diocesan council is concerned more with policy making than program planning. Through the diocesan youth director and the council flow the authority, direction, and supervision of the bishop. For a fee of \$15 a year, these diocesan councils federate with the National Council of Catholic Youth in Washington.

The NCCY is the executive arm of the NCWC's Youth department. Under its director, Msgr. Joseph E. Schieder, it coordinates youth programs on a nation-wide basis without in any way infringing diocesan authority or taking the interest of young people away from their

parish. The NCCY believes that the parish is the center of Catholic life, and has a highly trained staff to help the diocesan councils make it even more so.

This is accomplished by supplying enough suggestions and planning material to make local youth activities meaningful all year long. In this way, the stage, the gym, the dance floor, the playing field, and the classroom become laboratories where boys and girls are taught how to apply Christian principles and develop Christian virtues. Among our 7 million Catholic youth, the NCCY is responsible for hundreds of athletic teams alone each year.

But Christian principle and Christian virtue are not accidents of nature or the ball park. As Msgr. John J. Kiley, CYO director in the Newark, N.J., archdiocese, puts it, "You can't make a boy good by giving him a bat and ball. You've got to give him God. Getting the kids off the streets does not, by itself, make them better kids. The important thing is what they are doing while they are off the streets and why they are doing it. A program which develops only the body while neglecting the soul is missing its most glorious opportunities."

The NCCY says Amen to this. From Washington streams a flood of carefully blueprinted ideas for retreats, days of recollection, religious quizzes, marriage-preparation courses, Communion Sundays, daily Mass campaigns during Lent and

May, Communion crusades, and national Communion days. As a result, inroads have been made on the mixed-marriage problem and there is a heartening increase of Religious vocations.

Probably the most impressive event staged by the NCCY is National Catholic Youth week. Last October, it was officially proclaimed by the governors of 40 states. Its opening day, always scheduled to fall on the Feast of Christ the King, is National Catholic Youth Communion Sunday. In 1955 more than 5 million young people went to Communion on that day.

The man largely responsible for national integration of our youth programs is a genial, gray-haired priest who has been in youth work since his ordination in 1935. Monsignor Schieder went to Germany for the U. S. Air Force three years ago as advisor on youth. In 1954, he was in Tokyo for our State department and UNESCO as youth advisor to the Southeast Asian conference. Last year, President Eisenhower appointed the monsignor to his top committee of 16 for the Conference on Physical Fitness. Several years ago, Pope Pius XII named Father Schieder as one of a board of seven to coordinate activities of the Catholic youth of the world.

People have known the Catholic youth movement as the CYO for so long now, especially in the New York and Chicago areas, that Mon-

signor Schieder's newer alphabet combination, NCCY, at times confuses them. It shouldn't. The form CYO itself has undergone a number of changes before the official name was determined: Catholic Youth organizations. It has fluctuated between singular and plural. In Philadelphia it has been CYA, for Catholic Youth association. But by and large it is just a convenient label, now as famous as YMCA, for any manifestation of the Catholic youth movement.

The three-age grouping for all CYO work, 7-14, 14-18, and 18-30, is clear-cut for inherent good reasons. Boys and girls in the 7-14 bracket obviously need the most adult supervision and guidance, and they can be given it most effectively when kept together. Young people 18-30, of course, need the least. The whole idea with them is ultimately to have them take over altogether, except for occasional advice from a moderator.

The 14-18 group calls for the coolest adult heads, the nicest balance of a restraining hand and a gentle shove. The teen-ager's emotional instability can be a heart-breaker. But if it is channeled into the deeper currents of his natural idealism, experienced CYO people find, it often will develop into a satisfying sense of responsibility.

The CYO today is big and vital business. There is no phase of youth interest that its professionally

laid-out programs do not embrace. Annual budgets run from a few thousand dollars in smaller dioceses to more than half a million in major metropolitan areas. So wholehearted has been the response of Catholic youth that former President Truman, deeply impressed with their achievements, consented to address their annual NCCY convention in St. Louis late last year. He wrote Monsignor Schieder that it was one of the two or three invitations to speak that he was accepting from among hundreds because he felt that in the hands of youth lies America's future.

Men like Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, and Eddie Eagan have also given their time generously to the CYO and never asked a penny. The way people feel about it was

summed up neatly by Rocky Marciano, who, a while back, found that an article he'd written on championship boxing for *Collier's* had been picked up by THE CATHOLIC DIGEST.

The reprinting brought Rocky a handsome check. "Give it to the CYO," Rocky told Father Bussard, CATHOLIC DIGEST editor. Father Bussard agreed, matched it with another check, and asked if the champ would like to make the presentation, with maybe a little speech.

Said Rocky in awe, "Why would they want to listen to me? I'll be happy if they accept the money. They're big folks."

And, with the cooperation of more and more adult helpers, bound to get bigger yet.



The photograph of her father and the phonograph of her mother. R. Binder
He sat looking like an unplugged lamp.
Christopher Isherwood

Patter of little feet thundering through the house. Moss Hart

Snowflake: raindrop in ermine. Mary C. Dorsey

Tangerine: loose-leaf orange. Charles V. Mathis

Crawl of the open road. Robert P. Abate

Bees playing hopscotch on a rose. Mary J. Ursick

He received the news with his eyebrows. John Galsworthy

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Russia's Superathletes

The Reds are making cold-war soldiers out of their weight lifters

THE BIG SENSATION at the Winter Olympics at Cortina, Italy, in January was the Russian team, entered for the first time. From the very beginning, the Russian athletes swept the field, taking six gold medals in hockey, cross-country skiing, and speed skating. Russia was an easy first in unofficial team points, with the U. S. coming in fifth.

Nikolai Romanov is Russia's minister of sports. After it was all over, he announced in Cortina that Russia's top ranking was "what we came for. We're going to be way out in front at the Summer Olympics in Melbourne, too," he added.

He's probably right.

That is the reluctant judgment of U. S. observers who scrutinized Red athletes and their astounding training program while touring the USSR last fall. *Parade* editor Jess Gorkin, who spent a month in the Soviet Union, reports, "The Russians are out to develop a breed of superathletes who'll make us look like minor leaguers."

Frank Walsh, West Coast sports

promoter who spent six weeks in Russia, adds, "Americans might as well be reconciled to the fact that the Russians are going to win in Australia this time—and keep on winning in future games."

Officially, no country "wins" the Olympics; only individuals or teams receive awards. But U. S. entrants have dominated most major events for years, and the Soviets well know the propaganda value of beating our athletes in particular and the rest of the world's in general. Thus they have embarked on a massive program to train their best athletes for international competition. The program is run with a cold-blooded detachment that would amaze Americans, used to thinking of sports as something to be enjoyed. But to the Russians, sports are only a means to an end.

Up till 1950, Russian athletes were low on the sport world's totem



pole. (They had never even competed in the Olympics.) Their climb began when the All-Union Committee of Sport and Culture, centered in Moscow, set up a single program of sports training that every Soviet athlete and coach is required to follow.

Supervising this program are local committees in factories, collective farms, schools, and sports clubs. The committees hustle out young men and women to compete in more than 60 state-approved sports; these give each young Russian, at the very least, a sound body that's pledged to communism.

The very best athletes compete to become students at one of Russia's 13 Institutes of Physical Culture. At one school, 526 crack athletes applied; 150 were accepted.

The lucky ones spend four years at an institute, are graded into three classes: "superspecialists," who are athletes of Olympic caliber; second-drawer athletes, who'll be trained to coach; and lesser lights, who are molded into physical-training instructors.

All are hammered out with machine-shop precision. Besides learning anatomy and physiology so that they'll know what human bodies can and can't do, the students study the playing form of the world's top athletes. They go to school six days a week, spend 20 to 24 hours in the classroom and 12 to 18 on the field.

The Russians frankly admit that they subsidize athletes. It costs

about \$2,500 a year to train one athlete at an institute. Russian coaches and athletes are paid, and paid well. An institute teacher, for example, gets \$500 to \$750 a month. (An unskilled Russian workman is paid only \$175 to \$200 a month.) A first-year athlete at the institute gets about \$70 a month for 12 months, though he attends school only nine (September through May); a fourth-year student receives about \$100 a month, plus room, board, and all other expenses.

I visited a typical institute at Tiflis, capital of Georgia in the southern USSR. The school, housed in a four-story building, has 79 teachers and 520 students, about 100 of whom are women. The students are taught a broad range of non-sports subjects, including meteorology, languages, chemistry, psychology, and, as in all Soviet schools, heavy doses of Marxist philosophy. But about three-quarters of their time is spent boning up on body structure or working out in the gym, the pool, or the athletic field.

"Skull sessions" for the students are crammed with helpful tips by top athletes from all over the world. This information comes from Moscow, where it has been plucked from films and scouting reports. A staff of experts pores over new films and reports each day, painstakingly correcting and updating the voluminous data already stored away in cavernous files. The result, usually

put in the form of charts, is drummed into the athletes until it sticks.

Outside the institutes, there is an equal devotion to sports among the public. There are huge stadiums in nearly all cities, and they're filled for the minor sports, like mass calisthenics, as well as for the major ones. In Moscow I saw marathoners wending their way down crowded streets. The object was to remind the public of the importance of sports.

The names of Russia's finest athletes are unknown to the man in Moscow's streets. For him there are no Babe Ruths, Joe DiMaggios or Jack Dempseys: the Kremlin frowns on hero-worshiping of athletes.

Even dictators, though, can't stop feminine hearts from fluttering. As a result, some athletes get shriller cheers than the rest, are even followed in the streets by an admiring pack. One Soviet official wryly commented, "There are bobby-soxers in every country."

The sports commissars keep a tight rein on this adulation, however. If an athlete shows signs of letting the cheers go to his head, he's briskly spanked by a scornful article in one of Russia's four sports magazines. These are widely read, since the top newspapers, *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, don't carry sports pages.

Russian athletes work hard, train five or six days a week all year. Though a few of the top athletes, like institute students, do nothing but train, most Soviet athletes have jobs, and practice in their spare time. All, however, must toe a rigorous mark, since the All-Union committee has set up classes in each event; a sprinter who equals a world record, for instance, is dubbed a "Master of Sport," while teammates are put in classes I, II, III, and so on, depending on how close they have come to the record. Thus the athletes regularly rise and fall in class as their own performances get better or worse and world records improve.

Soviet eagerness to be tops in every sport is shown by an unusual new experiment. In the past, Russia produced practically no tennis players; now, despite lack of facilities and unfavorable climate, children under ten are being divided into groups and given rigorous instruction. Each group uses a different coaching system. The system which turns out the best racquet squads will then be used throughout the USSR.

Whether that system will win a Davis Cup remains to be seen, but this already is clear: in tennis as in every other game, the Russians are out, coldly and methodically, to conquer the sports world.

DON'T SEEK to be doing what you like; like what you do.

Mrs. S. Lee.

Fishermen's Festival of the Holy Ghost



Every year, the fisherfolk of Tiete, Brazil's Venice, celebrate a spectacular religious festival. It is the Fiesta of the Holy Ghost, an ancient pageant which finds its roots in historic Portugal.

The tradition was inaugurated centuries ago to pay homage to the Holy Ghost, or *Divino*. It survived the centuries, and was established in Tiete by the thousands of families who immigrated there from Portugal.

Carrying paddles, the tools of their profession, shouldered like rifles, the fishermen assemble in the market place waiting for the *festaeiros*, the town's rich, who foot the bill for the festivities, to join them. They also wait for the musicians to begin playing their guitars and drums. Silence falls. It is broken by the salvo from colonial firearms which are discharged by the *polcarinhos*—men chosen especially for the job. The salvo is the signal for the fishermen to form an arch with crossed paddles. The guard of honor lifts oars in salute while an emblem of a white dove, symbolizing the Holy Ghost, is carried under the arch.

Headed by musicians and fishermen, the procession solemnly moves down to the river's edge. In a verdant setting, the boats begin their stately regatta. This event is the climax of the festival, as it has been for years. At the conclusion of festivities, evening services are held in the tiny church. The fishermen bring oars to be blessed.



The Fishermen of Tiete hold to an unbroken chain of tradition. (Above) One takes his grandchild to participate in the ancient festival. (Below) Father and sons dress alike.



During the festival, native musicians play Portuguese folk songs which date back to the days when Portuguese explorers roamed the seas of the world. These haunting melodies with a gypsy strain evoke nostalgic memories, particularly for the oldsters. Consequently, encore after encore is requested. Youngsters, too, have the same love of music as their parents.



A musical trio enlivens the gay but deeply religious show. Below, the pretty little girl chosen as Tiete's Angel for the day.





A woman who belongs to Tiete's group of sponsors holds the emblem of the Divino.

The gala procession is attended by everybody in the town. Religious costumes are worn by many of the women, and the ceremony is carried on with religious fervor and impressive solemnity. Families make their own costumes, working throughout the year and vying with each other in their efforts to be the most decorative.

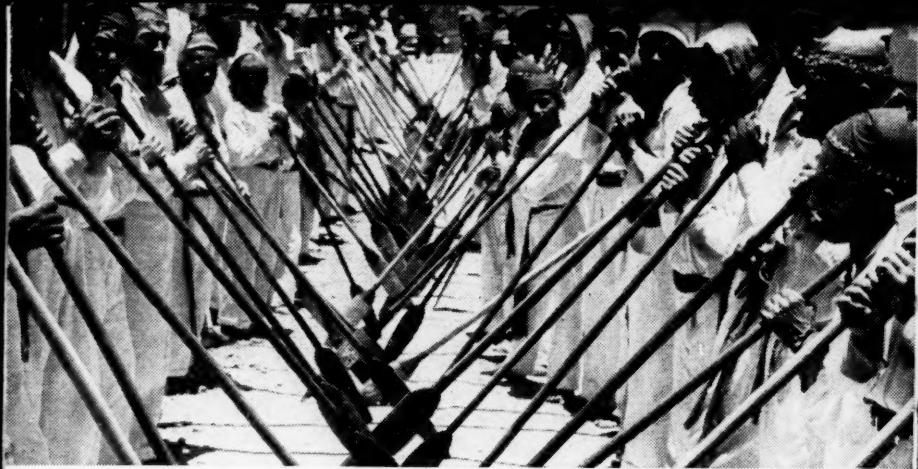
Throughout the long hours of the procession, people pray continuously not only for loved ones who have died, but also for the living members of their family. They pray fervently that God will send bountiful catches to the fishermen through the coming year.

All classes participate in the solemn festival. The people listen attentively to the sermon. Nothing in the procedure is changed from the original. The festival is fun, but the religious interludes are solemn.



The classical features of this fisherman are typical of many Tiete fishermen. Below, two of them parade.

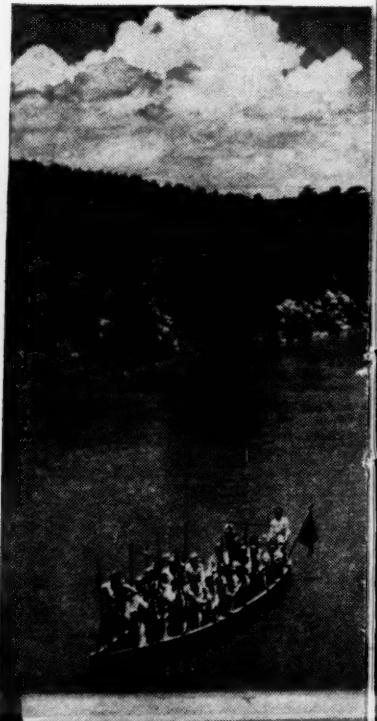




Like crossed spears, the paddles of the barefooted boatmen form a lane of honor for the symbol of the Holy Ghost, which will soon be carried past.

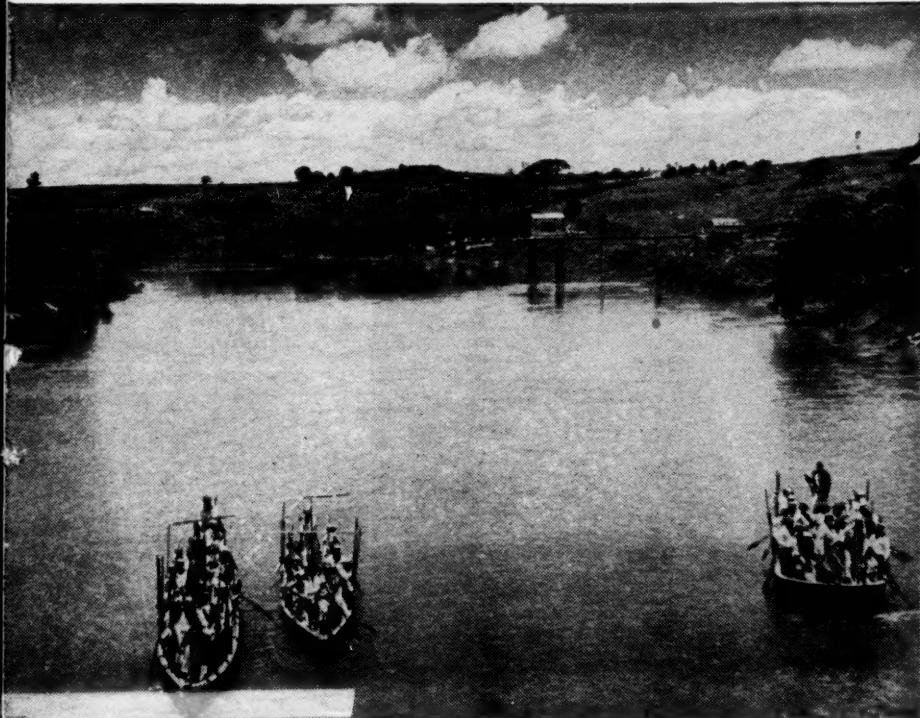
↓ *Canoe lines up in the river for the grand parade downstream.*

The slow regatta fits in with the idyllic landscape. →





Arriving at the green edge of the river, the descendants of the Portuguese fisher-folk man the pennant-decked boats. The crewmen hold paddles on shoulders.





Religion is a familiar part of their daily lives. The fiesta is over, and the fishermen give thanks to God for blessings received during the previous year. They pray that fish will be plentiful during the coming months.

Birnback photos.

By Gladys Brooks
Condensed from the "Town Journal"**

If Your Child Has a Reading Problem

*There is no 'best method' for all children,
but there is for him*

IF YOUR 2nd-grader can't read and says he doesn't wish to learn, if he seems to dread going to school, then he is urgently in need of special help right away. Or he may have reached high school, where he's doing miserable work and showing no interest; the trouble may be reading difficulty which no one ever diagnosed, much less told you about!

Your child would not be alone. Some 20% to 30% of all children in all schools, public and private, fail to learn reading properly without special help. Those children don't lack intelligence; many are brilliant. Then why does a bright child fail? Chiefly because he is trying to learn to read by a method wrong for him.

Regardless of arguments, there is simply no *one* method for teaching all children to read. There is one best way to teach your child.

Consider Tony. As a small boy he sees his father browsing through the newspaper, his mother studying

a recipe, his older friends reading signs in store windows. He wants to read as they do.

At six, Tony goes to school. There he finds that he can't make sense of the letters the teacher puts on the blackboard. He can't remember the words in his primer. The teacher tells Tony he has written *d* for *b* and *q* for *p*. He is all mixed up. Some of his classmates call him Dumbbell.

He is not stupid. Tony, who actually has superior intelligence, was born with an inherited tendency causing him to confuse the directions of left and right. He often sees small words in reverse. In longer words, he gets the letter order mixed up.

His parents, teacher, and he himself haven't guessed that he sees the world in this way. He needs help from the outside. If he doesn't



get it, he runs the risk of being thought stupid all his life. One day, he could even strike back against his disappointing world by turning to misbehavior, and later delinquency and crime.

The help is simple, in Tony's case. He needs to be taught the sound of letters, the vowels, consonants, and combinations. He needs to be shown how to pronounce words from their parts. If his eyes play tricks, if he sees *pots* for *stop*, he needs to look at the letters separately. He can sound out *ss-t-ah-pp*—*stop*. If he is mystified by the word *candy*, he can take it letter by letter—sounding *k-a-nn-d-i*.

Tony cannot at first learn to read by the whole-word method taught in most schools. A useful method for most children, the whole-word, or look-say, technique requires a visual skill that Tony may not develop for several years.

There is a technical term for Tony's trouble: *strophosymbolia*. No one knows exactly what causes this reversal of symbols or how many children are affected by it; some experts think that most children with reading problems have *strophosymbolia*. Experts do know that this condition is related to left-handedness. For some unknown reason, boys are the chief sufferers. In fact, boys needing special help outnumber girls by four to one.

Many young preschool children tend to reverse their drawings and directions. Usually they establish

one dominant side, all right or all left, by the time they are six or seven. Some children, like Tony, seem unable to establish this sense of direction. They have what is called mixed dominance. As one boy described this trouble when I began to give him remedial work, "The words seem all scrambled; will you be able to unscramble them for me?"

How long this confusion lasts depends on the seriousness of the disorder and the way it is handled. The great majority of children straighten out quickly if they get help; a few take longer.

This condition seems to be a major cause of reading difficulty. There are other causes, of course, both emotional and physical.

But whatever the reason, an early remedy is important. Once, an 8th grader, six feet tall, able to read only 20 words, told me, "They didn't know what else to do, so they just pushed me along from one grade to the next. I can't read a 1st-grade reader, and next year I'm going to high school. Can you beat it? Why couldn't they have taught me in the beginning?"

The boy was right. We know that every child not definitely subnormal can learn to read at the beginning of school, during the 1st or, at latest, the 2nd grade. Alert parents can help to spot the children that need extra help. Here are some of the danger signs to look for at home.

1. Low morale. Is your seven-year-old not taking hold of his school situation with any enthusiasm or confidence?

2. Left-hand use. Is he naturally left-handed, and has he been taught to use his right hand? Does your family have a number of left-handed persons? Does the child show any tendencies to use both hands for drawing?

3. Reading errors. Does he confuse letters like *b* and *d* or *p* and *q*? Does he mix up the short sound of vowels, reading *not* for *nut*, *pit* for *pet*? Does he say *on* for *no* and *was* for *saw*? Does he drop consonants when several come together, saying *bread* for *breadth*? Does he guess at words hit-or-miss? Does he lose his place, omitting words and sometimes entire lines within a paragraph?

4. Mannerisms. Slow motion while reading is even more noticeable with children needing help. Does he hesitate a long time before daring to pronounce a word? Does he squint or move his head about nervously while he reads?

To the trained eye, the symptoms of the slow reader are as unmistakable as symptoms of mumps or whooping cough. But alert parents can spot them, too.

If your child shows some of the danger signs, there are several things you can do about it.

1. Talk to the teacher. In her crowded classroom, she might not have noticed your child's diffi-

culties; perhaps she could give him special help.

Ask her how you can help. Perhaps her experience with remedial reading is limited. Teachers with the time and training now use several methods of instruction. If your child's teacher knows only one method, you may have a problem of tact. The important thing is to find promptly the method by which your child can learn to read.

Much can be said for several approaches. But from my own experience and from the research of many specialists, I say that the phonetic method is the only effective way to help children with strephosymbolia.

2. Get a physical checkup for your child. His general good health helps him in learning to read. So do good hearing and eyesight. But don't expect a miraculous cure from the doctors.

3. Encourage your child in every way. Keep his confidence alive. Help your youngster understand that his trouble is not his fault, that he is not stupid. I have given remedial training to children rated genius by intelligence tests. Tell him how many of his friends have this trouble.

If you have asked him anxiously each day, "How did you do at school?" then stop. No child's reading failure should be compared with the work of another child.

4. Find a remedial-reading teacher if you can. Some schools now hire one to work at the 1st and

2nd-grade levels. Other schools share the expense of a visiting specialist.

If your school has no such teacher, do your best to get one! Bring pressure on school boards for necessary funds. This is not a fantastic suggestion. The problem involves a fifth to a third of your town's children. Special help with the most basic learning skill for this many children is no frill; it is a necessity.

If such a program seems too remote, find a qualified remedial-reading teacher. The department of education in your state university will help you find such a teacher.

5. Interest your child in the printed word. Read aloud to him from books that he enjoys. Show him books about his hobbies and interests that he can later read himself, others that you read to him, and picture books with little text.

When opportunity comes, invent word games that help him to hear the sound of letters. "How many words can you think of that rhyme with *bat*?" or "Let's see who can think of the most words that start with the sound of *mm*."

6. Help him develop a left-to-right sense of direction. If he is really left-handed, don't make him use his right.

7. If you can't find a trained teacher to help him, then as a last

resort, you might investigate teaching him yourself. But don't attempt to coach him unless you are patient and until you have studied some books on the subject. I would recommend *Reading with Phonics* by Hay and Wingo (Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$4) and a text book, *Remedial Reading Drills*, by Thorleif Hegge (George Wahr, Ann Arbor, Mich. \$1.50).

An impatient, unprepared father or mother who rushes into the job of teaching a child to read can do more harm than good. An over-anxious parent can make the child too tense to learn, or aggravate deep family resentments. So proceed slowly, cautiously, and only if no specialist can be found. Remember to follow good texts, and make your sessions short (not more than 15 minutes to start).

However you decide to solve it, get started right away. If a child's eagerness to learn has been thwarted, his whole mental and moral growth is affected.

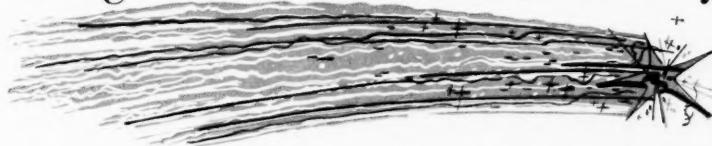
"Say, ma'am," a small boy in a country school said to me soon after I had arrived to take over a group of retarded readers, "can't you get here early tomorrow before the bell rings so we can work extra?" Hope had appeared on this boy's horizon, and he did not mean to let it go.



DIPLOMATS might well take a tip from musicians, and not try to conduct foreign overtures without knowing the score.

Shannon Fife in *Look* (20 March '56).

Strange Missiles From the Sky



Where do shooting stars come from?

MYSTERIOUS CHUNKS of metal and stone from outer space continually bombard our world. We call them meteorites, but giving them a name hasn't made them any less mysterious. In fact, the more information we accumulate about these queer missiles from the sky, the less satisfactory seem all theories about their origin.

For ancient and primitive people, meteorites have been not just puzzling but sacred. Navajo Indians had a huge sky stone to which they made ceremonial offerings. A smaller meteorite was so revered by the Aztecs that, some 900 years ago, they wrapped it in a feather blanket and gave it ritual burial in a crypt.

Meteorites were objects of veneration among peoples as diverse as the Greeks, Japanese, Annamese, and Canary Islanders. According to a Japanese legend, the strangely heavy stones fell from the shore of the Silver river, our Milky Way. Their original function was to serve as weights to steady the looms

of the goddess Shokujo. Any which dropped to the earth were placed in temples and given homage on the festival of the goddess.

St. Paul was familiar with a meteorite which was a popular object of worship in the city of Ephesus; it is mentioned in *Acts*, 19:35. A similar stone was treated with reverence at Emesa, in Syria. Mexicans who built the great pyramid of Cholula may have erected it especially to house the great meteorite in its wall.

When Mohammed's followers captured the already old city of Mecca, they destroyed 360 idols of the temple, but preserved the famous Black Stone. Scientists have never been permitted to subject it to laboratory analysis, but it is generally thought to be a nickel-iron meteorite. Enshrined in the Kaaba, it is the most sacred object of Islam.

Throughout the Middle Ages, any stone which fell from the sky was regarded with interest by the unlearned. It is still proverbial for a

*Lackawanna 18, N.Y. April, 1956. © 1956, and reprinted with permission.

person to make a wish upon a shooting star.

Scholars of the dawning scientific era not only denied the possibility of gaining luck from a shooting star; they flatly declared the very notion of stones falling from the sky to be an ignorant superstition. Everything linked with awe, wonder, and faith was suspect in some quarters. Man's new method of finding knowledge by experiment would quickly give answers to every riddle. As to this talk of solid particles coming to earth from outer space—peasants' nonsense!

Once treasured collections of meteorites were actually thrown away by disillusioned owners. No respectable university or museum wished to be caught with such grotesque relics of prescientific superstition.

A few persons were stubborn. Among them was a French priest of the 18th century, Father Jean Bachelay. He had seen meteorites with his own eyes. He recovered one encrusted chunk which hit not far from where he stood. In 1769, he presented it to the Royal Academy of Science in Paris, along with a clear account of its fall.

Distinguished scientists, including Antoine Lavoisier, were named to a committee of inquiry. They presented a formal report in 1772. Father Bachelay's "supposed sky stone," they said, was an ordinary rock that had been struck by lightning.

On April 26, 1803, the town of L'Aigle, France, was showered with several thousand small meteorites. This time, there was no way to connect the fall with lightning. It took place about one o'clock in the afternoon, on an otherwise serene spring day.

Observers saw a great fiery globe coming through the air at high speed. It quickly disappeared, but a series of explosions followed that seemed to last for several minutes. War-hardened veterans confessed that cannon and muskets of the enemy had never sounded so fearful. There was a dreadful rumbling, like the beating of a colossal drum, and a literal rain of stones. Most of them were tiny pebbles; one irregular chunk weighed 17½ pounds.

Another investigation was made by the Royal Academy of Science. The report was 40 pages long this time. In spite of all logical arguments to the contrary, there could be no doubt that Father Bachelay had been right. Solid masses, large and small, actually did reach the earth's surface from some source outside the planet.

Not all the learned were convinced. Another big fall took place at Weston, Conn., on Dec. 14, 1807. Professors Stillman and Kinsley were sent from Yale to investigate. They found many fragments, one of nearly 200 pounds. When their report reached President Thomas Jefferson, he said, "I would prefer that two Yankee professors should

lie rather than that stones should fall from heaven."

His opinion represented a last stand of doubt, however. One of the most dazzling displays of recorded history took place in 1833. For hours, New England was showered with pellets at a rate estimated as high as 30,000 a minute. Scholars throughout the western world became convinced that shooting stars have an unearthly origin.

Many elaborate theories about the origin of meteorites have been proposed. Several have been thoroughly demolished.

An important early "explanation" was that meteorites are fragments ejected during violent volcanic eruptions on the moon. One astronomer of the last century quipped that "the moon is an uncivil neighbor for throwing stones at us."

Other scientists suggested that meteorites are volcanic in nature, but originate on our own planet. Violent eruptions of past epochs, they said, spewed out stones which became miniature space travelers. Occasionally, one happens to re-enter the earth's gravitational field, and falls back to the surface. Even the noted astronomer Camille Flammarion supported such views as late as 1883.

It is now recognized that meteorites normally include compounds and crystals never found on the earth. Metallic specimens are heavy in nickel and iron, forming alloys whose nickel ratio is unlike that of

any terrestrial ore. Stony meteorites have numerous special formations. One of them, a compound of phosphorus, iron, nickel, and cobalt, occurs as "needles." Abundant in stones from the sky, these formations never occur in any rock native to our planet.

Others have held that the fragments are shot from craters of Jupiter and Saturn. Modern astronomers say that this explanation will not do. 1. We have no positive evidence that the big planets have volcanoes. 2. Their gravitational fields are so strong that velocity of escape would pulverize all the pieces.

Nor is it helpful to suggest that they come from eruptions on the sun. All the evidence suggests that though there are vast explosions at the face of the central orb, gravity keeps a firm hold on truant particles.

More than a century ago, the noted E. F. Chladni speculated that our solar system may have originated in some type of cosmic explosion. If so, said he, perhaps meteors and meteorites are simply debris left over from formation of the planets. Though this view has never been entirely abandoned, it lacks satisfactory support.

Perhaps the most popular current theory is that proposed in 1811 by the astronomer Olbers. Data from many different sources led him to suggest that a now lost planet once lay between Mars and Jupiter. Through collision or internal rupture, it burst many millions of years

ago. Larger segments became asteroids. Smaller fragments formed comets and miscellaneous rubble. Pieces of the latter, encountered when the earth sweeps through a comet's tail and when vagrants of space are pulled into our gravitational field, constitute meteors.

There is much to be said in favor of this view. Bands of iron-nickel crystals in recovered meteorites show distinctive patterns. Metallurgists think they probably formed during extremely slow cooling at pressures amounting to thousands of atmospheres. Just such conditions would probably prevail deep inside a planet about the size of Earth.

But nobody has explained how fragments survived the heat of the explosion. Many meteoritic structures melt at about 1000°, and rupture of a planet would probably involve temperatures far higher.

Confronted with all these inconsistencies, some experts adopted the convenient view that meteorites originated outside our solar system. But recent radar investigations have raised major doubts concerning this notion. The Canadian physicist D. W. R. McKinley measured the velocity of more than 10,000 meteorites and found that only one-third of 1% travel at speeds of more than 45 miles a second. Since that speed represents the velocity of escape from the solar system, all slower fragments are thought native to our own corner of the universe.

No one has a really plausible

idea as to the source of meteors. Views that were generally accepted two centuries ago now seem ludicrous. Discoveries of the next few generations may make current theories appear equally laughable.

If man ever succeeds in building spaceships, interplanetary travelers will face the hazard of colliding with silent derelicts of space. As yet, engineers have not begun to challenge speed records of meteors. Even in a wind tunnel for a brief period, velocities equal to ten Mach, ten times the speed of sound, make news. Many meteors cruise at some 140,000 miles an hour.

Millions of particles are encountered by Earth every hour. Most are so small that they are totally consumed in falling through the upper air. Occasionally, one reaches the surface and is recognized. Such a fragment, invariably scarred and burned from its swift flight, is a tangible clue to the nature of things outside our own planet. As Alexander Humboldt recognized many years ago, light and meteorites are our only avenues to firsthand knowledge of the universe around us.

About 30 of our elements have been positively identified in meteorites. Iron, silicon, and nickel are abundant. Aluminum, phosphorus, calcium, oxygen, magnesium, and sulphur are met frequently. Cobalt, nitrogen, copper, sodium, and various rare elements are found occasionally. A few meteorites yield platinum in appreci-

able quantities; small black diamonds are found in others.

Evidence accumulated thus far tends to support the theory that all bodies in our solar system were formed from the same elements that exist on Earth. Hence these strange messengers testify to the probability that similar natural laws and processes are operating throughout the entire universe.

At the mid-point of the brash 20th century, meteorites exert a sobering influence. All that we know about them is like a faint glow of a match flickering in the midst of a vast darkness. They remind us that in spite of our vast knowledge, we have not passed the threshold in penetrating the mysteries of the Creator's strange and wonderful world.



Ann Blyth to the Gentlemen of the Press

IN THE beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." And since then a million billion words have been said.

There are words that sing and jump and skip and dance: little-girl words. And there are words with fun in their eyes and things in their pockets and their hair mussed: little-boy words.

There are young words. And there are wise old words with a glint in their eyes. There are words wide-eyed with wonder, soft as a baby's feet, strong as a baby's twining fingers.

There are steel words and iron words; thrusting, stinging, lancet words; cruel blades of words. And there are sweet words; soothing, unguent words; father, mother words: the words that raise you like a child again, and hoist you on their shoulders.

Words are everything that man is; everything he can be—they are everything he should not be. They are his slave; they are his master. In a world of mercy, of the word of God, man is at the mercy of words.

"In the beginning was the Word"—all the infinite wonder and beauty and truth and love and life that God is, uttered in one divine word. This is the truth. And by its nature, every word should be a reflection of the divine Truth.

I plead with you gentlemen of the press to remember that words are written about men, and read by men. I plead that infidelity is not new—it isn't even news. That a Decalogue broken on the front page helps no one and hurts many. That sensationalism and emotionalism and carnalism are a direct appeal to man's baser part and the betrayal of a trust.

You are the light bearers, men of the press. Don't burlesque man; lead him. You have the words. You have the truth. Lead not the child of God into darkness.

Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty in the Eastern Montana Register (8 Feb. 56).



By Fred Coll

First Lady of the TV Commercials

A young widow rises above personal tragedy to become an outstanding executive

HIRTEEN YEARS ago Helen Dwyer Kelleher was a grief-racked young widow with four small daughters to support and no business experience. Her husband, Gerald A. Kelleher, had been struck down by a heart attack. Today she is one of the busiest and most successful career women in the country. As head of Empire Productions, Mrs. Kelleher directs a \$1 million television and radio-advertising business.

Her husband had left Wall St. in the middle 30's to invest in the Empire Broadcasting Corp., a radio sound-recording firm. Ten days after his funeral, Helen bravely went to Empire's studios in the heart of New York's advertising row. "I came down to hold the fort," she says, "and I've been here ever since."

Shortly before his death in 1943, Jerry had told Helen that business was getting so bad they would soon have to let their housekeeper go. She found the studios foundering. All major recording companies, in-

cluding Empire, were at a standstill as the result of a 14-month-old musicians' walkout over a transcription controversy.

"Daddy had poured all his savings into the firm," she says, "and he was borrowing to keep it going during the strike. I just had to save it. I had to provide for my girls. At that time, the oldest of them was 13; the others were nine, seven, and three."

She began going to meetings being held by the U. S. Labor Relations board. She always wore the full mourning she had been trained to regard as proper for an Irish-Catholic widow. One day, Harry Steeper, assistant to James Caesar Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, sat down beside her.

"Mr. Petrillo says it's not necessary for you to come to these meetings," he said, somewhat uncomfortably.

"But I have only a small company," she replied. "I'm trying to put it on its feet. What they talk about here is important for decisions I have to make."

Mr. Steeper gazed at her for a moment, and then said, "Look, Mrs. Kelleher. You're getting on the boss's nerves. You're all in black. It upsets him."

It dawned on Helen that the music overlord had inherited Italian traditions as deep-rooted as the Irish. She was the black widow: a bad omen. But she kept attending meetings.

The arbitration eventually wound up in a deadlock, the record companies rejecting the union's terms. Then, one afternoon, Helen got a phone call from the attorney for Decca Records, a new, small firm. During negotiations, he had usually been ignored by representatives of the big companies. Helen had gone out of her way to chat with him.

"Decca is signing with the Federation of Musicians tomorrow morning in Chicago," he said. "You ought to be there and sign, too."

She caught the Century for Chicago that evening. "It was do or die," she says.

With her studios now able to operate, business started coming in. Helen was rapidly picking up an acquaintance with the technical aspects of sound recording. Empire recorded one-minute commercials for radio broadcasting. It also recorded auditions and "air checks" of entire programs. The latter were bought by advertising agencies, sponsors, and radio stars who wished to improve their performances. Helen

soon could talk glibly about "cowcatchers" (spot commercials used before a show) and "hitchhikers" (one-minute plugs at the end of a program).

One day the studios were humming. All equipment was tied up with orders, and overtime had been scheduled. A rush job came in from Empire's best client.

"Farm it out," Helen told a technician.

"But, Mrs. Kelleher, we just don't do that in the recording business," he replied.

Her mind went back to her childhood days in Kingston, N.Y. She remembered how her father, James F. Dwyer, had handled such situations. Mr. Dwyer had operated brickyards, icehouses, shipyards, and a system of Hudson-river lighters or barges, in addition to organizing and heading a bank. Helen had frequently heard her father accept urgent telephone orders for shipments, even when every lighter in his fleet was in use. He never declined a cargo. He would engage a competing line rather than turn down a customer.

So Helen insisted that another studio be retained to cut the transcription. There was no profit on the transaction, but the client got his record on time and was kept contented for future business.

More studio space was added. The staff grew from six to 32; the number of cutting machines rose from four to 30. After 18 months, Empire was

in the "big league." Clients included major New York independent radio stations, leading advertising agencies, national manufacturers, and the best-known stars of the entertainment world.

Empire pioneered in singing commercials with the Pepsi-Cola and Chiquita Banana spots. It was among the first to install high-fidelity tape recording. And it was to be the first sound-recording company in the U.S. to build and equip a studio for commercial TV films and actual camera transmission over closed circuits.

Helen had to make one crucial decision after another, but she never lost her nerve. She was strengthened not only by the determination to realize her husband's dreams but by the example of Mother Butler, who had been director of Marymount college, Tarrytown, N.Y., when Helen was a student there. Mother Butler's cause is presently being examined for possible beatification.

"People often ask how I had the courage to go on after my dear husband's death," Helen says, "especially since the business wasn't at all promising. Well, around that time I was reading in Katherine Burton's book *Mother Butler of Marymount* how Mother Butler arrived in the U.S. with a handful of nuns from Portugal and had the Christian fortitude to go right ahead and buy property along the Hudson river for a college. I told myself that I'd

be an awful sissy if I didn't have the gumption to take chances, too."

It was at Marymount college, during her freshman year, that Helen picked up her nickname, Bijou. One day Mother Butler asked Sister Hortense, a nun who supervised the residence hall, how the girls were keeping their rooms. "Some are careless," Sister Hortense reported, "but that little dark one, *elle est une petite bijou* (she is a little jewel)." Helen thereafter was Bijou to Mother Butler, her teachers, and the other students. She retained the nickname at Fordham university, where she earned an M.A. degree, as an English teacher, and as a business executive.

Her close friendship with Mother Butler continued until the nun's death in 1944. Mother Butler's letters to "Bijou" are now part of the evidence in the proceedings for beatification. Helen's second daughter, Kathleen, has become a member of Mother Butler's Order, the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

Helen's most important business decision, of course, was to move into the TV advertising field when the radio-recording business began to decline. It meant an investment of \$100,000. At that time, she was in a position to retire in comfort, and it was mainly a sense of loyalty to her staff that caused her to sink a large share of the company's assets in the TV project. She made her top executives partners.

She proceeded slowly and carefully. She knew that numerous film companies had failed in the hectic scramble for wealth that followed the coming of TV. It wasn't until December, 1954, that Empire Productions held an open house in the new studio. The guests, the elite of TV, advertising, and manufacturing circles, had never seen anything like it.

They found a complete TV-camera chain for closed-circuit operations, sound motion-picture cameras for simultaneous or independent use, booms and dollies for microphones, and cameras identical with those of Hollywood movie sets. For the first time, an entire production schedule for both TV and radio commercials could be handled at one location and with one contract.

The new studio began making TV commercials in January, 1955. Already those productions have been seen in millions of U.S. homes. Empire's clients include Lincoln-Mercury; the Gillette and Schick razor companies; Postum; Encore and Viceroy cigarettes; Bufferin; Bird's Eye frozen foods; G. and D. wines; and Florida citrus.

"Bijou Kelleher has had a double advantage," says an advertising executive who has known her for ten years. "She's both a bit of an artist and an excellent business woman.

Television's trouble is that it's a field where almost everyone claims to be an artist, whether he is or not, and where there are few good business heads."

Helen starts each day with Mass, either the seven o'clock at St. Catherine's, her parish church in suburban Pelham, or the nine o'clock at St. Agnes, near Grand Central station. She works off excess energy on week ends by taking long auto trips with the two daughters who are still at home, Denise and Maureen.

She will drive 500 miles over the New Jersey and Pennsylvania turnpikes to West Virginia; or visit her daughter Kathleen, who is now Mother Gerald and teaches the 6th grade at Marymount academy in Arlington, Va.; or ride up the Hudson to the home of her oldest girl, Peggy Ann, now Mrs. George Beck of Kingston, N.Y.

The Kelleher girls have never been able to see why their mother, who spends huge sums for business projects, holds so tight a rein on the household budget. One evening Helen came home and announced that she had just signed a \$20,000 check for a television camera.

"But, mother," cried 16-year-old Maureen, "only this morning you wouldn't give me \$6 for a permanent!"



ORATORY: the art of making deep noises from the chest sound like important messages from the brain.

Journal of the American Medical Association.

By Frank Sullivan
Condensed from "Good Housekeeping"*

I Remember a Church

It was a lot of fun, just being a Catholic boy

ONE SUNDAY at church I sat behind a woman whose devotions were hampered by the two small and lively sons who accompanied her. The boys sat beside each other at first, but it quickly became evident that this was an arrangement perilous to this mother's peace of mind, not to mention the other worshipers in the vicinity. So she placed herself between them, as a buffer. That worked a little better, but not much. I watched the culprits with interest, and fell to wondering whether I had been as unruly when my mother first took me to church.

Probably, yes, although I had no brother my own age to collaborate with in mischief. I do not remember the incident, but I have been told that the first time my mother took me to Mass, at the age of four or five, I came to the point immediately by asking, in a loud voice, "Where is God?"

I already knew Him. I said prayers to Him each night, and now that I had come to visit Him at his



house, it seemed only fair that He should appear and welcome me. My mother whispered that He was in the tabernacle on the altar, and she probably added that I was to be quiet, like a good boy, and not drop the 5¢ she had given me to put in the plate when Mr. Mulqueen or Mr. Shea passed it.

Going to church was not a chore. It was a new and exciting experience. There was always something going on that was interesting and colorful. The flowers, and lighted candles on the altar, and the vestments of the priest stirred my imagination, and so did the ancient and stately liturgy, although I did not learn its significance and symbolism

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. November, 1954. © 1954 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

until I was older. I grew to look forward to that moment when the priest sprinkled aromatic grains on the coals in the censer and a cloud of incense arose and I knew that its pleasant fragrance would shortly reach me.

The very stained-glass windows in St. Peter's church fascinated me. Saints of great beauty and gentleness, dressed in robes of marvelous beauty, looked down in friendliness from the windows. I soon got acquainted with the Evangelists—Matthew and Mark on one side of the church, Luke and John on the other side. There was St. Catherine with her spinning wheel; and St. Agnes carrying a lamb; and King David with his harp; and St. Cecilia, another musician; and the venerable bishop, St. Patrick, in a cope of glowing emerald, a baffled serpent writhing beneath his crosier. But my favorite was St. Michael the Archangel, Prince of the Heavenly Host, a winged and shining warrior in a ruby mantle, with a golden shield and a flaming sword, ready at all times to do battle with the powers of darkness.

My thoughts were not always on these friends in the stained-glass windows. More secular attractions often caught my eye. My fellow worshipers were an unfailing source of interest, especially the latecomers, and among the latecomers, an imposing dowager, whose progress up the aisle was attended by a splendid rustle. I was impressed by

this rich sound—as who in the congregation wasn't? I wished my mother would rustle, too. But this did not happen, because my mother's wardrobe was short on taffeta in those days.

If a small boy did become fidgety in church, any diversion was welcome, even if it was only a fly lighting on Judge B. in the pew ahead. The fly would start a zigzag course up the judge's back: stop and start, start and stop, pausing to wash its face more often than could possibly have been necessary, and dilly-dallying until it was enough to drive a boy frantic. You thought the moment would never come when the fly would walk off the judge's coat collar onto his neck and tickle him into taking action. Sometimes it never did walk off. At the very edge of the collar the exasperating insect would change its mind and fly away to other pastures.

Father Flood was pastor of St. Peter's in those days, and it is around that good and kindly man that many of my boyhood memories of church center. I suppose he came as close to being a saint as anyone I ever knew. He was a big man, with a round, ruddy, good-natured face, a warm smile, and a love for children and the down-and-out. No one in need ever left his rectory empty-handed, and stories of his charity are still current.

The mildest of men usually, Father Flood could speak out when

he thought the occasion called for it. I learned that one day after I had reached what I fondly thought was man's estate and was pretty much impressed with myself as a reporter on the *Saratogian*. I went to the rectory to get a story from Father Flood about forthcoming parish activities.

"Father, are you planning anything for the kids this fall?" I asked, briskly.

He looked at me with distaste. "Kids!" he repeated, scornfully. "Is that how they taught you to talk at college? They are not 'kids!' They are children. Call them that."

When I was ten, I was confirmed. Just before this solemn event, a friend and I went through a period of anxiety because of a colleague of ours, a wise guy a few years older than we were.

There is a point in the rite of Confirmation at which the bishop gives the candidate a symbolic tap on the cheek. It signifies that the candidate is confirmed as a soldier of the Lord and ought to be ready to uphold his cause with fortitude.

Our prankish friend, who had already been confirmed, thought to have a jest with us innocents. He told us that the bishop might give us that customary light tap on the cheek, but that if so minded he could give a boy a good punch in the jaw as a forcible reminder to stay in the path of virtue. We couldn't quite believe the bishop would do a thing like that, but

since our pal was, in our eyes, a man of the world, we didn't dare disbelieve him either, and we were perturbed.

Suppose the bishop chose one of us two for the severity? The nuns who had been preparing us for Confirmation had said nothing of this ordeal, and it doesn't seem to have occurred to us to seek reassurance from them or from Father Flood. We decided the only thing we could do was to say nothing, but take our punishment like men if it came.

Of course, it never came. On the day of our Confirmation, we appeared before Bishop Burke, spruced up in our new Confirmation suits and new patent-leather shoes, and Bishop Burke gave us only the gentlest of taps, saying "Peace be with you." He would have been surprised and amused if he had known the trepidation in which two small boys knelt before him that day.

Christmas was the great feast of the year, especially for the young. In those days, the first Christmas Mass at St. Peter's was at 5:30 o'clock in the morning. In Saratoga the ground was almost invariably covered with snow at Christmas-time, and if the gracious stuff was falling as you walked through the dark to Mass, it made it all the more delightfully like Christmas. If it happened to be one of those clear, cold, northern nights, with the stars coming down so close it

seemed you could pluck them out of the heavens, you excitedly identified the brightest one as the star of Bethlehem.

In church, the altar was banked with Christmas greenery and poinsettias, and glowed with a multitude of candles. Father Flood wore gold-embroidered vestments, his chasuble sparkling in the lights. The altar boys wore newly starched surplices and shining Christmas faces and looked like little angels as they sang *Adeste Fideles*, but I played cops and robbers with most of them, and I knew they were not angels, at least not when in mufti.

After Mass came a visit to the crèche in the Sunday-school room downstairs, and then home in the dawn to stoke up on a handsome breakfast of pancakes and sausage as a bulwark against the arduous delights of the day ahead. If I could maneuver you into a corner and cut your escape, I could even hum you a good portion of the recessional march our organist, Mrs. Scanlon, was partial to in those days. It is still clear in my memory. It was not too solemn a tune. It was gay, and it had a touch of the gavotte, as though Mrs. Scanlon expected the congregation to exit skipping. I still think of it whenever I hear *Hail to the Chief*.

When I was 12, my uncle, Father Dan O'Sullivan of San Francisco, came east to visit my father, whom he had not seen in many years. After his ordination in Ireland in

the 1870's, Father Dan had crossed an ocean and a continent to assume his first post in the mining town of Virginia City, Nev., where the famous Comstock Lode was flourishing.

It was a tough assignment for a young priest, even a husky young priest who had played a good deal of football. He shepherded a rough-and-ready congregation of pioneers who often were difficult to handle. One fellow gave him a particularly hard time. Regularly on payday this sinner would take too much to drink, go home, and beat his wife; and Father Dan would get a call to hurry over and restore peace.

"I reasoned with that fellow the best I knew how," I heard my uncle tell my father. "He would promise to mend his ways, but next payday it would be the same old story. Finally my patience gave out."

"What did you do?" my father asked.

"Well, I took off my coat and gave him a good, sound thrashing," said Father Dan, "and he gave me no more trouble."

It was, I thought, just the kind of direct action my favorite St. Michael would take against Satan. This and other adventures Father Dan had encountered in his work in Nevada and California made him a hero to me. I wanted to be as much like him as possible, so I went to Father Flood one day, told him I had decided to aim at becoming a priest like my uncle, and

asked if he would be my adviser.

Father Flood said he would be glad to. He said it quite seriously, but I caught the shadow of a twinkle in that kindly eye, and though but 12 I had wit enough to sense that he suspected I was not cut out to be a clergyman. He was right. I wound up as a newspaperman, a calling some distance removed.

When my set reached high-school age, we rarely missed Sunday-night services, not because we were excessively saintly but because it was a chance to get out on Sunday nights. The Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist boys and girls went to the services at their churches, and afterward we all met downtown at Curtis' confectionery for a hot chocolate or a soda; or we gathered at someone's home. The girls made fudge, and then all hands gathered around the piano and sang *Bedelia, By the Light of the Silvery Moon, Arrah Wanna*, and other favorites.

Yet what remains most vividly from those Sunday nights is the memory of a man walking up the aisle at St. Peter's. Each Sunday night as the Vesper service was about to begin, he strode up the middle aisle to a pew at the front of the church, a figure who would have commanded attention anywhere. He was tall, unsmiling, straight as a ramrod, with piercing, sad eyes, and a black beard. He looked like one of the sterner Old

Testament prophets, or like a character from Poe.

Indeed, his story might have come from the pages of Poe or Nathaniel Hawthorne. His family had lived in the town since early in the 19th century, and it was brilliant and distinguished not only locally but nationally. Abraham Lincoln had been a close friend of this family, and it had produced a distinguished jurist, a distinguished religious leader, and a distinguished feminist.

Then a dreadful tragedy fell upon it. The brother of the man who came to Vespers killed their father in a quarrel. The shadow of this tragedy so haunted the innocent brother that he retired to live alone outside the town. From his hermitage he came in to church twice each Sunday. He led this brooding life of atonement for some years, then moved from the town, and later, as the town heard, came to a tragic end himself.

Today St. Peter's, though past its 100th birthday, looks younger than ever. It was restored and re-decorated with taste by Father Flood's successor, Father Scully. Happily, the stained-glass windows were left untouched when the church was renovated, and St. Michael and the other old friends still gaze down nowadays upon the descendants of the lady who rustled in taffeta, and upon gray-haired gaffers who once were the angelic altar boys who sang *Adeste Fideles*.

at Christmas, and upon their grandsons, who are the acolytes of today. And when Father Burns, the pastor, places incense in the thurible, the

fragrance is as pleasant now as it was to the small boy who, 50-odd years ago, was so impatient to see God.



the Open Door

FRANK CONSIDERED himself an "enlightened atheist." Doubt entered his mind during a vacation in Rome with some Catholic friends.

At the end of a monastery tour, he said to the monk guide, "If God doesn't exist, and I believe He doesn't, then you will have wasted your whole life."

The monk smiled. "If I am wrong, I will have wasted at most 60 or 70 years. If you are wrong, you will waste an eternity."

Frank thought about eternity for a long time. He still thinks about it when he receives Communion with his convert wife and his fellow Catholics.

Robert R. Clouston.

MY FRIEND'S appetite and laziness resulted in his conversion. Here in Jackson prison, Michigan, Sunday Mass is at 8 A.M. Breakfast is over at 7.45; but communicants may have breakfast at 9.30, after Mass.

Now, my slothful friend hated getting up at 6 o'clock on Sunday, but equally disagreeable was the thought of missing a meal. The ideal solution seemed to lie in attending Catholic services. He could then sleep until 8,

and still get his breakfast—he thought. When he discovered that only those who received Communion were allowed to enter the mess hall after Mass, he promptly began taking instructions.

A change came over him as the instructions progressed. He confided to me, somewhat apologetically, that he now knew a peace he had never known before. Now, at 6 o'clock every Sunday morning, he cheerfully trades a warm bed for a missal, eats, and prepares for Mass, looking forward to the day when he can breakfast at 9.30.

#85488.

BROTHERHOOD week in 1951 was my route to and through the "Open Door."

I wanted to teach my Sunday-school seniors that it is easier to love than condemn if an attempt is made to understand. To prepare myself, I gathered much material, including Catholic books and paintings—and convinced myself that the Catholic Church is truly Christ's Church. My husband and I talked and prayed for a year, saw a priest, and then came all the way into the Church, along with our ten-year-old son.

Mrs. Garland Clark.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

We Love Our Week-end Son

An orphan quickly found a niche in our home and hearts

HIS NAME is Richard. He's 11 years old and acts pretty much like most 11-year-old boys: he doesn't walk, but leaps; he eats as if this were his last meal on earth. But in one very important way, Richard is different from most boys his age. He's an orphan.

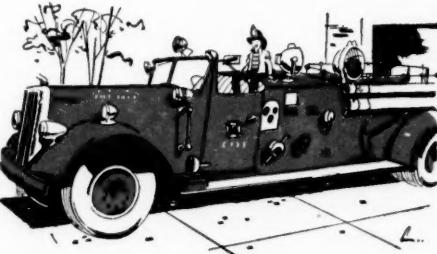
My wife Jean and I first met Rich when the Knights of Columbus council decided that it would be a good idea for members to share homes with the boys from a near-by orphanage. The project began with a plan to take 50 boys, but someone soon discovered that there were 84 boys in the place. We took 84.

The night I drove down to the school auditorium to pick up my boy was one I'll never forget. Jean and I had spent the evening getting everything in order, a bed made up in my den, a dresser drawer cleaned out for him to use, our two small girls scrubbed and polished. Jean cooked a special meal, "something a boy should enjoy." Finally, I drove to the school.

As I walked into the hall, the

*Worthington, Ohio. Jan. 11, 1956. © 1956 by the Pontifical College Josephinum, and reprinted with permission.

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tumult was deafening. The backs of 84 heads, all neatly barbered with identical haircuts, were tilted back, and 84 off-key voices were raised in ear-shattering song.

Those of us who were to take a boy were grouped in the back. A man and woman next to me chattered nervously. I chain-smoked half a pack of cigarettes.

Finally, it was announced that as the boys' names were called they were to come up and meet their week-end parents. As the first one stepped up, the cheer was deafening. Grinning from ear to ear, he stepped toward his sponsor.

After a nervous eternity, my name was called. I met Rich. Head down, he muttered "Hello," and then glanced up at me and broke into a broad grin. He had a chipped front tooth, and this made his smile all the more engaging. But

he wasn't, I soon found out, a talker.

This made the trip home a bit awkward. As the father of two small girls, I found myself un-equipped to think of what to say that would break down a reticent 11-year-old boy. Better rely on questions, I thought.

"What do you want to be when you grow up, Rich?" I asked finally.

"Fireman."

"Uhh, do you like children? I have two little girls," I volunteered.

"Girls?"

"Well, yes," I said apologetically. "Gail and Carol. Gail's three and Carol's two. You're the first boy we've ever had in our home."

That chance remark broke down all barriers. "The first?" he exclaimed.

I assured him that he was, and he grinned broadly. "No kidding?" he said.

Suddenly he sat up erect, staring through the windshield. "Look at all the lights!" he said, amazement in his voice. It was a small cluster of stores.

By the time we pulled into our driveway, Rich and I were old friends. He jumped out of the car, and ran around to open the door on my side. He had begun the first of a dozen little things he would do to show his appreciation. In the days that followed, he would impulsively grab our hands while we were walking or throw his arms around Jean for a moment. No

words—Rich wasn't one to say much in any situation—but little things that said thanks much more eloquently.

Jean was waiting for us as we entered the house, and it was plain that she was as nervous as I had been. But she hugged Rich, and the awkwardness vanished. "Come on, I'll show you your room. We've been saving it for you," she told him, and they walked off arm in arm. Gail and Carol hid in a corner. They were wary of strangers.

That evening began one of the most memorable week ends I have ever spent. Rich quickly took to the girls, and they soon melted to his charms. It was strange; they were really too young to understand, yet the three of them became inseparable. They played together as if there were an unknown bond between them. Rich got a particular kick out of playing a batch of children's records on the phonograph. But, despite his enjoyment, he wouldn't play all of them. "These I'll play tonight and these I'll save for tomorrow" was the way he put it. A good philosophy, I thought. Save some of your pleasures for tomorrow.

At 6 A.M. the next morning, I doubted the soundness of that philosophy. We were awakened, at that ridiculous hour for a Saturday, to the blasting strains of Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier.

By 7, somehow, beds were made, breakfast was eaten, and the day

lay before us. For me, it had all the appearances of a day without end. I was usually rolling over at that hour for another 60 minutes' sleep. How to keep him busily happy? It was too early to go anywhere. Or was it? A question I had asked the night before came back. He wanted to be a fireman. What better place to start the day than the firehouse? Rich, Gail, Carol, and I left immediately.

At the firehouse, I asked the children to stay in the car while I checked to see if it was all right to visit. Truthfully, I wished to see if the firemen were up yet. I sought out the chief, and explained the situation to him. His reaction was one which I was to find wonderfully common in the next two days. Bring 'em in, he said.

When Rich came in, wide-eyed, the chief chatted with him, and introduced him to the Dalmatian; and then, to Rich's amazement, he drove the fire truck out of the station so that he could climb over it from radiator to taillight. Rich was sure he'd chosen the right profession as he clambered over the equipment, calling to us to "Looka me."

Finally it was time to go. As the chief said good-by, he shook hands with Rich and invited him back, "any time." Palmed in his handshake was a \$1 bill.

Back home, Rich's curiosity continued unabated. He tried on my old Air Force uniform, watched

television for two-minute stretches, and wandered from front porch to back yard. He was like a little dog, running off, inspecting, and running back to my side again. Gail and Carol were with him constantly, and he enjoyed his big-brother role almost as much as they enjoyed having a big brother.

Jean, during all this, was a veritable whirling dervish of activity, keeping Rich supplied with candy, skipping off to bake a pie ("he said he likes lemon meringue"), and, at mealtime, worrying because he couldn't finish the mountain of food she placed before him.

That was a full Saturday for Rich. In the afternoon, he went to the Dodger baseball game with the rest of the boys from the home, on tickets provided by the council. My heart went out to the bus drivers as 84 shouting, screaming, singing boys left for the ball park. Rich, as he was about to leave, asked if he would be allowed to come back later. Assured that he could, he left, carrying a lunch which I swore would feed all 84 boys. I found out later that he finished it before the fourth inning.

Saturday night was movie night. Rich wished to see a drive-in movie. Jean baby-sat with the girls, and he and I left right after dinner so as not to miss anything. We didn't. We didn't miss hot dogs, soda, popcorn, candy, or two visits to the rest room. And all this before the picture started.

Sunday, after Mass and Communion, it was time for the group picnic. All the boys and their week-end parents were there. The day went quickly, and before we knew it the time had come for Rich to leave us.

He was very quiet. So, I guess, were we. Jean embraced the boy for a moment and kissed him lightly. The girls wished to know where Rich was going and "Can't he come home with us?" One by one, the boys filed into the bus. Rich, eyes downcast, shook my hand and said good-by. On the bus, I saw him in a corner, crying quietly. "I can't let him go like this," I thought, and climbed into the bus after him.

I put my arm around him, and talked to him until his sobbing ceased, and I meant every word of what I said.

I told him that this wasn't the end, but the beginning—that this wasn't good-by, but a temporary farewell. I said that he'd be with us on other week ends and that we loved him very much.

But what I felt, and didn't say, was that we were indebted to Rich: for teaching us how much we had to be thankful for; that love, of God and of others, is the important thing; and that all the coins ever created could not begin to buy the happiness of the week end we had shared.

Tax Cracks

FREDERICK the Great of Prussia once gave a state banquet to which he invited the brainiest of his courtiers. "Lords and ladies," he asked, "can one of you explain to me why it is that, although I have raised taxes each year, the royal treasury continues to diminish?"

An old general of Hussars spoke up. "I will show your majesty what happens to the money," he said. Picking up a large piece of ice, he held it high for inspection. Then he handed it to his neighbor, requesting that it be passed from hand to hand up to the King. By the time it had reached Frederick, it was about the size of a pea.

Drover's Telegram (Feb. '56).

*

AFTER A LONG, hard winter, the little old lady was looking peaked and wan, so her doctor recommended a course of sun lamp treatments.

"Well now, I don't know, doctor," she temporized, "I haven't much faith in those new-fangled things."

"Come, come," urged the doctor reassuringly, "I prescribe this treatment all the time. Why, a few weeks of that, and you'll be ten years younger."

"Oh, dear!" wailed the little old lady. "It won't affect my pension, will it?"

Sunshine Magazine (Dec. '55).

By Paul Hume
Condensed from "The Marianist"

Hymns Are Either Good or Bad

*Dedication to Mary is not enough
to make the bad ones good*

A FEW YEARS ago Nelson Eddy gave a recital in Washington. In my newspaper review I said that he had sung a program of fine music, as he always does, but had made a real *gaffe* by singing as an encore *The Rosary* by Ethelbert Nevin, a dreadful piece of slush. (*The Rosary* is a sentimental turn-of-the-century love ballad that goes, "The hours I spend with you, dear heart, are as a string of beads to me," or something on that order.)

Early next morning, my phone rang. A polite but firm voice said, "Mr. Hume? You don't know me. I'm just a Catholic layman. I don't know what your religion is, but I feel I should protest this insult to one of our Catholic hymns in honor of the blessed Mother!"

As I hung up the phone—after assuring the gentleman that I had signed the Family Rosary pledge that very week and had intended nothing personal—a disturbing thought struck me. Here was a good, conscientious Catholic man who really believed that because a popular ballad was called *The Rosary* it was somehow consecrated to



our Lady and above criticism from the likes of me. What if he knew the horrible truth about some of the musical atrocities that really are supposed to be honoring the Mother of God?

It's no secret to anyone that some of the hymns most frequently sung in Catholic churches are very bad hymns indeed. And it is infinitely regrettable that so many from the absolute bottom of the barrel are hymns about the blessed Mother.

You know the sort of thing I have in mind. You've probably been singing them for longer than you can remember: *Mother Dear, O Pray for Me; Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest; O Mary Conceived Without Sin; Bring Flow'rs of the Rarest; 'Tis the Month of Our Mother; Rose of the Cross, Thou*

*300 College Park Ave., Dayton 2, Ohio, March, 1956. © 1956 by the Cincinnati Province of the Society of Mary, and reprinted with permission.

Mystic Flower; O Mother I Could Weep for Mirth, and others cut from the same shoddy bolt.

Why are they bad music? The ear boggles before the wealth of examples. But even so it is a tricky question to argue. Too many people wish to start the argument by denying the fact that there is such a thing as bad music. "It's all a matter of taste," they say. "It all depends on what you like."

There is a small, deceptive grain of truth here. There is certainly room for an infinite degree of individual taste *within the framework of good music*. But there remains an irreducible minimum below which a piece of music cannot fall and still be taken seriously. And when it comes to hymns, there are certain clear-cut and objective standards, the rules of the game, if you like, that must be observed. When they are flagrantly unobserved, you've got a bad hymn.

To deny the existence of bad music simply because you do not understand the technical aspects of its composition is like denying that there is such a thing as nuclear fission because you have never seen an atom.

But there is another school of thinkers to be reckoned with, and it is much more influential than the first one. Not everyone who defends *Mother Dear* and *Mother Dearest* really believes that they are good music. "What's the difference as long as it makes people feel good to

sing them?" they say. "Novenas and Rosary devotions and May processions aren't liturgical ceremonies anyway, and as long as people don't sing these hymns at Mass, they're all right!"

In 1903, when Pope Pius X issued his *Motu Proprio* on Church music, he wrote these much quoted words. "Sacred music must, therefore, possess in the highest degree the qualities which characterize the liturgy, and in particular, holiness and goodness of form, from which two qualities will spontaneously arise its third quality, namely, universality. It must be holy, and therefore exclude everything that is secular. It must be real and true art."

Most of the items on the grim-hymn list were already going full blast in 1903, and the Pope's words, unequivocal as they sound, did little to deter them. No sooner was the *Motu Proprio* off the press than the champions of just-so-it-makes-you-feel-good music went to work on getting around the "true art" clause. The Pope was only talking about music at liturgical functions, they said. Although the music regulations for the Province of Rome, issued shortly thereafter, said that *all* music used in Church had to conform to the Pope's standards, somehow the news cut little ice at novenas in the average American parish. *Mother Dear* and *O Mary Conceived Without Sin* continued to waltz their merry way.

Finally, after 52 years of arguing, the final word on the subject was said, some four months ago. It came from Rome.

On Dec. 29, 1955, the text of a new encyclical on Church music was released. The only encyclical written in 1955 by Pope Pius XII, *Sacrae Musicae Disciplina* is the first such document which he has devoted exclusively to the subject of sacred music.

The Discipline of Sacred Music makes quite a point of giving the *coup de grace* once and for all to the old if-it-isn't-sung-at-Mass-it-doesn't-have-to-be-good school. The Pope affirms that any religious music, whether used in liturgical or nonliturgical services must "possess the qualities of holiness, goodness of form, and universality" originally specified by Pope Pius X. Any sacred music for any occasion, liturgical or nonliturgical.

Pope Pius XII has a great deal to say about hymns. So important does he consider hymns in "fostering piety and arousing holy joy" and in the religious training of youth, that he urges the bishops of the world to promote the singing of them with "every care and by every means."

He goes on to remind us that popular hymns, to be acceptable, must fully conform to Christian teachings, must have easy words and a simple tune, and must possess "a certain religious dignity and gravity."

If hymn singing is so important in the Pope's opinion, there seems to be a very real obligation on our part to do something about the rather low estate into which it has fallen. There is a great deal of messy thinking on the subject now being done in certain circles. Many of the circles, regrettably, are those concerned with Marian devotions.

Perhaps it is naïve to think that the encyclical will correct matters.

But there are two statements in the encyclical that simply cannot be read unequivocally. Now firmly established as the mind of the Church on hymns are these points. 1. Hymns must conform to the same standards of good form and artistic integrity as any music used in liturgical services. 2. They must be simple and easy to sing.

And this brings up a point I would like to make so strongly that I wish the printer could furnish red italics for the purpose. The bad hymns we have been discussing are *not* simple and easy to sing. Wide, swooping intervals, an unconscionable use of the sixth ("the *Liebestraum* leap"), and rampant chromaticism (barber-shop harmony) do not combine to make an easy-to-sing hymn. Nor does the $\frac{3}{4}$ time in which many of these hymns are written help. Most of them, remember, come from the waltz era.

The only problem is that although they are actually waltzes they are not supposed to sound like waltzes when sung in church. This leads

to one of the real ulcer-producing situations in the life of a parish organist. If he plays the hymn at a reasonable rate of speed, in an optimistic effort to drag the congregation along behind him, he will have to give a strong beat to indicate the tempo. Sing *Mother Dear* with a strong beat on the first note of the measure and what have you got? A beer-garden waltz with the foam fresh on it. But if the organist fails to indicate the beat by means of a strong accent, then the congregation lurches along at its own rate of speed, with the familiar results. That brings up another point: if congregations are supposed to be so mad for these hymns, why do they sing them so badly?

One of the most fatuous defenses of the "old favorites" is the one that urges people not to ridicule "traditional hymns the people love and sing with feeling" until such time as "modern Church musicians can give us something better." Modern Church musicians are simply knocking themselves out giving you something better, friends, if only you'll listen to what they have to offer.

There is a small but sufficient number of good hymnals now in print or in preparation. The best one I have ever seen for congregational use is just off the press. Every pastor concerned with proper Marian hymns should investigate it

at once. This is *The People's Hymnal*, published by the World Library of Sacred Music, Cincinnati, Ohio. The hymnal is edited by a group at the Catholic university Theological seminary. A tougher group of dedicated and discriminating men I have yet to meet.

The work is a gold mine of beautiful, simple Marian hymns (among others). All hymns are in English, and many widely sung favorites are included: the Lourdes hymn; *Immaculate Mary; Hail Heavenly Queen, Enthroned Above; O Sanctissima*. These should surely ring a bell in the minds of people who like their hymns familiar. It also contains some excellent hymns written to its exacting specifications of musical quality and simplicity by some of the finest modern composers working today. The noble hymntunes of the 17th and 18th centuries are there too. And there are excellent translations and arrangements of chant hymns like the *Salve Regina* and the *Ave Regina Coelorum*. These are the "old favorites" of the Church. These are the "traditional" hymns. These are the pure, illuminated melodies, simple and eloquent as music can be, by which we can most fittingly sing the praises of the Woman clothed with the sun, with the moon beneath her feet.

She deserves much better hymns than she's been getting lately.

Most children have a down-to-earth philosophy—and their clothes show it. Hal Chadwick.

By Marguerite Higgins
Condensed from "Red Plush and Black Bread"**

How Not to Deal With the Russians

Don't expect them to be consistent, warns a Pulitzer-prize-winning reporter

DURING MY stay in Moscow I made a point of interviewing every diplomat, businessman, and attaché who had any experience in negotiating with the Russians. Their conclusions follow a remarkably similar pattern. They can easily be compressed into what a prominent American once described as the "Points 4 on how not to deal with the Russians."

Point 1. Never expect that personal friendship or one-sided concessions will have any bearing on the outcome.

As an American diplomat expressed it, "In the early days of our dealings with the Russians, American negotiators used to give way on this or that point to allay suspicion and create a better atmosphere. That was just giving away something for nothing. It is vitally important to remember that the Russian negotiator is merely a mouth-piece for policies decided in Moscow. He is a messenger boy. Personal friendship with the messenger boy is not going to affect the atti-

tude of the head of the company."

This has been true even on the level of Andrei Vishinsky and Andrei Gromyko. During the early debate on the Atomic Energy commission's first report in the UN, Gromyko was reduced to vague generalities for nearly three months because no word had come from Moscow on what position to take. When Moscow sent the Russian amendments to the report, the Soviet representative seemed clearly relieved that he at last had something concrete to uphold. From then on, he fought for his position with great vigor.

Joseph Stalin was the only Russian of recent times who could make sudden changes in policy. And when he occasionally did so at Yalta or Teheran, it was not out of personal liking for Roosevelt or Churchill but because he scented a bargain. American eyewitnesses think it a great misfortune that Roosevelt was allowed to imagine that he could somehow charm the Russian dictator into good will and

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that personal regard might be a factor causing Stalin to live up to his agreements.

But the American tendency to put things on a personal plane seems deeply ingrained. Last year hints began coming from the White House that President Eisenhower believed that his wartime friendship with Marshal Zhukov might lead to real progress in ending the cold war.

But in the Soviet Union there is no such thing as putting international affairs on a personal basis. When Marshal Zhukov writes Eisenhower nicely phrased letters, he does so on instruction from the Soviet Presidium.

Presumably Marshal Zhukov felt just as friendly to the President in 1954 as he did in 1955, even though in 1954 he was still officially called upon to denounce the U. S. in strong tones. Russia's collective leaders then had not yet seen the wisdom of invoking the Eisenhower-Zhukov relationship as part of their tactics.

The attitude of Russia's top leadership toward President Eisenhower has some extremely interesting ramifications. Some months after Nikita Khrushchev became the apparently dominant power in Russia, he asked a Western diplomat a question that has caused considerable speculation. "Is President Eisenhower really as naïve as he acts?" Khrushchev asked.

"In what way do you consider

that Eisenhower is naïve?" the diplomat parried.

Unfortunately, Khrushchev declined to elaborate.

Point 2. In dealing with the Russians don't make "agreements in principle." Spell out the agreement in detail and include measures for its enforcement. Also include provisions for ending the agreement if after a certain period either side fails to live up to its end of the bargain. Avoid any kind of vagueness. Don't use such words as "democratic elections." (The Russians call their one-party system of elections democratic.) Instead, outline in detail under what safeguards the elections are to be held.

In discussing the dangers of "agreements in principle," Philip Mosley, director of the Russian institute of Columbia university, has observed, "The Western powers sometimes gained the 'principle' of their hopes only to find that 'in practice' the Soviet government continued to pursue its original aims." At Yalta, Russia agreed after very lengthy argument to permit what appeared to be some political freedom for the Polish people. But by delays and quibblings over the execution of the 'agreement in principle' during the next few months, the Russians strengthened beyond challenge the small communist minority in its dominant control of Poland.

The Stalin-Harriman (Averell Harriman, then American ambas-

sador to the USSR) agreement of 1944 is a spectacular example of the dangers of making anything but a *quid pro quo* deal with the Russians. And, as the head of America's wartime military mission to Russia expressed it, "The *quid* should always run concurrently with the *pro*." Under the agreement, Stalin pledged: 1. to permit American use of certain air bases in eastern Siberia as part of the joint effort against Japan; 2. equal priority with the Red army to transportation on the Trans-Siberian railroad; 3. permission for the Americans to send small survey missions to look over the prospective air bases.

The U. S. pledged: 1. shipment of 1 million tons of supplies to the Far East; 2. delivery to be started at once and to include port and harbor machinery, railroad equipment, and many items which, if the Americans had been suspicious, could have been viewed as intended for the postwar era.

What happened was this. Within a month, the Americans had started shipping the stockpile of goods to Siberia. Every item requested was delivered ahead of time. In December, 1944, after two thirds of the 1 million tons were inside Russia, Soviet Chief of Staff Antonov announced, "The requirements of the Red Air Force will not permit granting the use of bases in the maritime provinces to the American Air Force."

There was no apology nor further explanation. The Russians had welshed on their end of the bargain and there was nothing we could, or were willing to, do about it.

Point 3. Don't expect the Russians to behave in accordance with Western ideas of consistency.

There is a revealing anecdote about Stalin that illustrates this complete Russian obliviousness to consistency. The Soviet dictator, British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden, and Ambassador Averell Harriman were discussing Soviet intentions in the war against Japan. At the next meeting, the two Western diplomats handed Stalin copies of the conversation, which had been typed up by their secretaries. They asked him to verify the accuracy of their recollections. Stalin flew into a rage. Bellowing at Harriman as if he were one of his own lackeys, the Russian dictator said that the American implied doubt of his word. But more important, Stalin added, was the fact that by committing the conversation to written record security had been jeopardized.

"Stenographers and secretaries," Stalin thundered, "are eager to exaggerate their own importance by telling news to their friends, and thus military secrets are no longer military secrets."

After thus having condemned the written record, Stalin himself produced a seven-page typewritten document outlining in detail the goods

requested by the Soviet Union for building up stockpiles for the war against Japan. He apparently reasoned that it was all right to entrust documents to Soviet typists.

The matter of inconsistency continues right on through the present regime. Just before the "summit meeting" at Geneva last summer, Khrushchev complained that somehow the West still retained its suspicions of the East. Yet, on the day of his complaint and the week following, the Soviet press kept up a steady attack against the "warmongering U.S." In Soviet psychology there is evidently nothing inconsistent in expecting someone to trust you even if you call him all sorts of dirty names.

Point 4. Don't appeal to humanitarian motives; instead, show how the proposal materially affects Russian power and aims.

The best case in point was the Soviet attitude during the 2nd World War toward returning liberated American prisoners of war. In November, 1944, Foreign Minister Molotov, after repeated pressure, finally "agreed in principle" that: 1. there should be prompt exchange of information about the location of camps holding American pow's; 2. American officers should be helped to go at once to liberated pow's so that they could hurry their repatriation.

The agreement was just another piece of paper. The first notice given to the U.S. of the liberation of

its pow's by the Russians occurred when three of them escaped from a forward Russian camp, made their way back to Moscow, and found the embassy. The men reported that thousands more, including many who were seriously ill, were suffering from undernourishment and lack of medical attention. When the frantic Americans took the report to the Russians, it was denied outright. With one exception, the Russians never lived up to their pledge to let Americans make contact with prisoners liberated by the Russians.

Columbia's Philip Mosley said, "If the American authorities (negotiating on the pow question) had emphasized that liberated pow's must be well cared for because they were needed in the war against Japan—which was not the case—the Soviet authorities would probably have given much better co-operation in caring for them and transporting them. They would have been impressed by the direct material interest involved."

In the light of the past, should we negotiate at all with the Russians? Of course—as long as we understand their tactics. Successful negotiations with the Russians have been achieved, where objectives were limited and aims clearly the same. At the Nürnberg war-crime trials the Russians agreed to most of the procedures suggested by Western powers and were generally co-operative.

In the beginning of our negotiations with the communists, many of our difficulties lay in the fact that our negotiators tended to judge the Russians in terms of Western values and Western psychology. When serving as a journalist in Berlin, I frequently heard Americans complain that they had made this or that concession to their Russian opposite number to show their own sincerity but that the Soviet response had merely been to demand more.

The Russians are taught to believe that such concessions made by low-level negotiators merely mean that they are not "serious" (a favorite Russian equivalent for bluffing).

In any contest, it is vital to know

your opponent. Perhaps the most telling summation of the communist attitude in negotiation came from Gromyko during a UN session. Frederick Osborn, deputy U.S. representative on the UN Atomic Energy commission, said he was sure that Gromyko was sincere in his desire to find a solution for the control of the atom and that he hoped Gromyko believed him (Osborn) also to be sincere. Given this sincerity, Mr. Osborn added, the two of them might be able to get more understanding through a private talk than in public debate.

"Mr. Osborn, you may be sincere," replied Gromyko quietly, refusing the suggestion, "but governments are never sincere."

Local Atmosphere

A TRAVELER stopped off his train in a remote section of the West. Feeling thirsty, he ventured into a very tough-looking tavern for a bottle of beer. Several large, pistol-packing characters were draped around the bar. Stuffed animal heads looked down in a sinister manner from the walls.

"Quite an atmosphere you have in this place," the traveler remarked to the bartender. "I like the old-fashioned air you manage to give it. Why, I haven't seen sawdust sprinkled on the floor like that since before the 1st World War."

"That's not sawdust," replied the bartender tersely, "that's yesterday's furniture."

Great Northern Goat (Jan. '56).



A SOUTH American was describing his country to a North American woman tourist.

"Our most popular sport is bullfighting," he told her.

"Isn't it revolting?" she asked.

"No," smiled the man. "That's the second most popular sport."

Pioneer Kernels (Sept. '55).

By Red Smith
Condensed from "The Sign"*

Stan Musial: the Quiet Man



*There's no trace of the ham
in baseball's top performer*

That's a story you wouldn't hear from Stan Musial. You hear few stories of any kind from that quiet, friendly man, and none at all about himself. At 35, he is unquestionably the finest player in the game. He has been among the top three or four for 15 years. Yet there are scores of less distinguished performers whom the fans know far more intimately than Stan the Man, the backbone of the St. Louis Cardinals.

With the possible exception of a Hollywood gossip columnist gushing over Grace Kelly's marital plans, nobody matches the baseball reporter's passionate dedication to trivia. A boil on Ernie Banks's neck can spawn columns of prose for the Chicago press. Probing interviewers have pried into the antecedents of Detroit's Al Kaline to discover that his maternal grandfather was a bare-handed catcher. Yet practically the only line readers see concerning baseball's best player is "Musial again hit five for five."

To a baseball fan, one of the loveliest sights imaginable is Musial at bat, crouching over the plate in

DICK KERR was startled to discover his rookie pitcher returning to quarters at an hour when even the owls had gone to rest. The manager of the Daytona Beach, Fla., baseball team reckoned himself a fair judge of character, and this tall, blond, 19-year-old hadn't impressed him as the night-prowling sort. He said as much in tones of pained reproof, and then it was Stan Musial's turn to be startled.

Flustered and self-conscious, Musial explained. Sure, he was abroad in his store suit but this wasn't the shag end of a night on the town. This was Sunday morning and he was on his way home from early Mass.

*Union City, N. J. March, 1956. © 1956 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

his knee-sprung stance, measuring the pitcher over his right shoulder like a kid peeking around the corner in hide-and-seek, suddenly uncoiling with the swift, fluid grace of a serpent. Sunset over a mountain lake can't approach it.

Even-tempered and unfailingly courteous, Musial seems the most relaxed of competitors. Yet his wife, Lillian, once confided to a friend that his nerves are like guitar strings from training camp to the season's end. "Even when he sleeps," she said, "he's like this." She tensed and clenched her fists.

Musial is a close friend of the actor Horace McMahon and godfather of the McMahons' son. On one occasion Horace suggested that a film could be made of Stan's career.

"It wouldn't have any plot," Musial said. "I've had nothing but good luck."

Perhaps he has not known Hollywood-type heartaches, but there have been some bleak times. Stan, the son of a mill worker in Donora, Pa., was signed by the Cardinals when he was star pitcher and hitter of his high-school team. After two seasons in Williamson, W. Va., he was sent to Daytona Beach. There he won 18 games as a pitcher, and, playing the outfield between assignments, batted .311. Making a diving catch in the outfield, he damaged his left shoulder. Next day, he found his pitching arm was dead.

Musial was earning \$100 a month for a six-month season. He had married Lillian Labash on his 19th birthday and they were expecting a baby. A pitcher with a dead arm can't support a family. Because of his athletic ability, colleges had offered to train him for a profession but he had declined scholarships in favor of baseball. Now, he told himself, the Donora steel mills would be his college.

Dick Kerr persuaded him that his hitting would take him to the majors as an outfielder, but even Kerr didn't suspect how swiftly his judgment would be confirmed. In 1941, the year after his injury, Musial started the season in Springfield, Mo., where he batted .379, advanced to Rochester, N.Y., and hit .326 for the Cardinals' top farm, and was in St. Louis before the summer ended.

In a desperate but futile effort to overtake Brooklyn in the pennant race, Billy Southworth played Musial in a dozen games. Under the pressure of big-league pitching, the rookie batted .426.

After wartime service in the navy, Stan returned to the Cardinals in 1946, the year a diamond-studded Mexican named Jorge Pasquel was raiding the big leagues for talent. Pasquel laid before Musial \$75,000 in banknotes and a five-year contract for \$30,000 a season, \$225,000 altogether. Stan was earning \$15,000 a year in St. Louis.

He had made up his mind that

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he owed it to his family to accept the Mexican offer, when Eddie Dyer, Southworth's successor as the Cardinals' manager, reminded him that he had signed a contract. A man doesn't go back on his word, Dyer said. Musial sent regrets to Mexico.

Virtue is advertised as its own reward. For Musial, it has paid off in cash—up to \$75,000 or \$80,000 a year in St. Louis.

In 1947, the Cardinals were floundering through the East, and a sports writer telephoned New York to ask Dyer what the trouble was. Unable to reach the manager, he rang Musial's room at 3 A.M. Stan was awake.

"The big trouble," he told the writer, "is me. I haven't been hitting." amiably, he talked on about other aspects of the season. He didn't explain why he wasn't hitting or why he wasn't asleep at three in the morning. He didn't

think of an inflamed appendix as news.

The following spring a newspaperman was chatting with Musial in the St. Petersburg, Fla., camp about prospects for the new season. "Now that you've had the appendix out," the reporter said, "you don't figure to have another lousy season like last year." He had a notion that Stan flinched slightly at this and other remarks in a similar vein, but the player made no protest.

Checking the records later, the newspaperman discovered that after his slow start in 1947 Musial had hit around .400 to bring his average for the year up to .312, had knocked home 95 runs and scored 113 himself. He sought out Stan.

"I owe you an apology," he said, "Imagine calling that kind of performance lousy!"

Musial grinned. "I guess it really wasn't a top year for me," he said.

*There's Still Time
For the Catholic Digest Tour*

SEVERAL OPENINGS still remain for teachers and college students who wish to join the second CATHOLIC DIGEST students' tour of Europe. It will leave New York City June 30, and visit France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, England, and Ireland, returning to New York Aug. 20. Father Ignatius McCormick, O.F.M. Cap., will again be chaplain and lecturer.

Two years of college work are required. Write to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, 44 E. 53rd St., New York City 22.

Modern Etiquette for Your Wedding

America's foremost authority explains the "Do's" and "Don'ts" of the occasion

WEDDINGS NEED planning. The bride and groom and their families must decide everything from the color of the bridesmaids' slippers to the contents of the wedding punch. Fortunately, there is a social tradition to follow; no one need be burdened by trivial details and spur-of-the-moment decisions.

The church. The couple should call upon the bride's pastor early enough to allow time for the various preliminaries: the reservation of the church for the wedding date, the setting of the hour, the premarital instructions and investigations the pastor is required to make, the publication of the banns, and any other details the pastor feels necessary. Ordinarily, this call is made six weeks before the wedding date.

The normal locale for the Catholic marriage is the parish of the bride. Even if the marriage is to be elsewhere, the couple must first call on the bride's pastor so that jurisdiction can be transferred.

The plans for the actual ceremony should be left to the priest



who will officiate; and the bride should consult him on any questions she may have on church decoration, music or the like. All large weddings must be rehearsed two or three days before the event, at a time set by the priest. Complete instructions are given at that time to every participant in the ceremony, including the organist.

The offering to the priest, ranging from \$10 up depending upon the elaborateness of the ceremony, is made by the groom. It should be placed in a plain, sealed envelope and given, as quietly as possible, to the officiating priest by the best man.

It is wise to discuss the wedding music with both the priest and the organist. They will know which music is allowed in the ceremony, and which is not. Avoid sentimental or popular music that might de-

tract from the solemnity of the occasion.

There is a fee, to be paid by the bride's parents, of anywhere from \$10 to \$30 for organ music in church with additional fees for soloist or choir if they are used also. Even if someone other than the regular organist—a personal friend, for example—plays, the organist still receives the customary fee.

Decorations in the church may be limited to suitable altar flowers for a small wedding or may be lavish and expensive depending on the budget of the bride's parents. A clever florist can work wonders with palms, ferns, and other available greens with or without flowers, which, by the way, need not be white. A canopy for formal weddings is not often used today, but the church aisle may be carpeted.

Invitations and announcements. Don't have your invitations and announcements printed. If you cannot have them properly engraved, it is better to write personal letters.

Engraved invitations and announcements should be ordered at least six weeks before the wedding. Invitations are mailed four weeks before the ceremony, and announcements as soon after, as possible. However, it is wise to address both at the same time so that this chore is not left until the last minute. Announcements are sent only to those who are not invited to the wedding, although friends who live at a distance and are unable to

come are often sent invitations rather than announcements.

A small wedding does not require engraved invitations; the mother of the bride may write or telephone the relatives and friends who are to be invited.

Two envelopes are usually used for both invitations and announcements. The inner one carries only the name of the guest without the address. It is placed unsealed in the outer envelope so that it faces the flap. The addressing of the outer envelope is rigidly prescribed. Abbreviations are permitted only in *Dr.*, *Mr.*, *Mrs.*, and *Jr.* The names of cities and states are written out in full.

Dress. The bride's formal wedding gown is white, ivory, or delicate blue or pink, with or without a veil. The gown should have a conservative neckline, and long sleeves are preferable. Shoes are white silk or satin. Jewelry, if any, should be simple and inconspicuous, a string of pearls or small gold or pearl earrings, but never a watch nor bracelet. During the ceremony the engagement ring is worn on the right hand.

It is now customary for the groom to furnish the bridal bouquet, although the bride herself selects it when ordering flowers for the rest of the wedding. In place of the bridal bouquet, the bride sometimes carries a white missal with a flower or a ribbon marker.

Formal photographs of the bride

in her gown are rarely taken the day of the wedding but, instead, immediately after her final fitting. Trouseau shops often arrange for bridal photographs to be taken there before the gown is delivered. If they are needed for newspaper reproduction, it is better that they be furnished before the actual wedding date.

The bridesmaids all wear dresses of the same length as the bride's, and they all wear flower headdresses, hats, or Juliet caps, gloves if it is a formal wedding, and slippers which may be dyed to match their dresses. The maid or matron of honor should be distinguished in some way from the bridesmaids, either with a slightly different dress, or with different headdress.

For a formal wedding, the groom wears a cutaway with gray striped trousers, gray vest, wing collar with black-and-white ascot or cravat, black shoes, and high silk hat.

For an informal wedding at which the bride wears a veil, the groom wears a single or double-breasted Oxford-gray coat, striped trousers, white shirt, stiff collar, gray tie, black shoes and socks, black or gray felt hat. When the bride does not wear a veil, he wears a dark blue business suit, white shirt with fold collar, conservative tie, a derby or Homburg, gray gloves. In summer he may wear a lightweight wool suit in gray or blue with white shirt and black shoes, or a Palm Beach suit (or

something similar in one of the wonder fabrics or white linen), conservative tie, light socks, and white shoes. The groom's boutonniere is traditionally a spray of lily of the valley or a gardenia from the bride's bouquet, and differs from that of the best man and ushers.

Ushers dress alike, and for formal weddings wear identical ties and gloves supplied by the groom. Ties may be gray four-in-hands instead of ascots, worn with a wing or fold collar. Groom and best man always wear either brocaded gray or striped grosgrain ascots for formal weddings, but their cravats need not match.

The fathers of the bride and groom dress as the groom does. At a formal daytime wedding the mothers of the bride and groom wear soft suits or afternoon dresses in pale or pastel colors.

The wedding attendants. The bride usually chooses a sister as maid or matron of honor, or if she has none, a close friend. If she wishes to have both maid and matron of honor, one could be her sister, the other a friend.

If the bride chooses to have both maid and matron of honor, she assigns one of them to hold her bouquet and adjust her veil during the ceremony. The one so designated may precede the bride, with the other following the bridesmaids in the processional, or maid and matron may walk together directly

preceding the bride. In the recessional, of course, the bride and groom walk together, and if there are an equal number, the ushers and bridal attendants are paired.

A full hour before the ceremony the bridesmaids should be assembled at the home of the bride. They may dress there or arrive dressed to receive their bouquets and help the bride and her mother with last-minute preparations.

The mother of the bride, riding alone or with one or two bridesmaids, leaves the house first, followed by the bridesmaids or maid of honor in hired limousines or in their own cars. The bride, with her father, always rides in a special car.

The groom's best man is usually his brother or closest friend. His ushers should be chosen from among his closest friends, because a man cannot refuse such an honor except for some serious reason. In a big church it is necessary to have enough ushers—more, usually than bridesmaids—to seat the expected guests.

Although at a small wedding the groom may do without ushers and the bride without bridesmaids, each must have at least one attendant to serve as witness.

The best man, particularly in a large wedding, should be a good executive, for he must be adviser, messenger, valet, and secretary to the groom. It is his job to make sure that the ushers have their cravats, gloves, and boutonnieres. He

sees that the bride has her flowers, and the groom the marriage license. Of course, he himself must have the wedding ring safely on his little finger or in his vest pocket. At the reception, he hovers near the groom, acting as his secretary; he proposes the first toast to the bride and groom; and later supervises their safe departure.

The reception. At a formal reception, the mother of the bride is first in line, just inside the door. Next stands the father of the groom, then the groom's mother and the bride's father. Then, a little apart, begins the line of the bridal party: the bride to the groom's right, the groom, maid or matron of honor, and the bridesmaids. After the guests have been greeted, the mother, as hostess, leads the group to the bride's table and the parent's table.

Only members of the wedding party are expected to sit at the bride's table, but if the mates of married attendants are strangers to the rest of the guests, it is courteous to include them. At the end of the meal the bride rises (as do all the gentlemen at the table) and cuts the cake while the guests gather round. The bride cuts only the first slice, with the groom's help, and she and the groom share it.

When there is a special bride's table, another table is provided for the parents of the couple, close friends, and the officiating priest if he attends.

If there is dancing, guests do not join in until after the bride and groom have had the first dance, usually a waltz, alone on the dance floor together. Then the bride's father leads out the mother of the groom and the groom's father, the mother of the bride. Attendants join in, and finally the guests go out onto the dance floor as they desire.

A formal display of wedding gifts is less often seen now, but it is still in good taste to exhibit them. If the reception takes place at the bride's home, the gifts may be placed on display so that the guests may look at them during the reception.

The bride herself must write her thank-you notes just as soon as possible after receipt of gifts. Where hundreds of gifts are received, an engraved acknowledgement card may be sent immediately, then the personal thank-you notes at an early date.

In the course of each year, I receive thousands of letters of inquiry concerning the many complexities of the wedding ceremony. The most frequently asked is this: "What are the bride's family's expenses at the wedding and what are the groom's?" So I will list them.

Expenses of the Bride's Parents

Engraved invitations and announcements.

The bridal outfit and, though it is no longer expected, the costumes

of the bride's attendants, should the expense be no consideration.

Bridal photographs.

The bridal consultant and social secretary, if needed.

The bride's trousseau.

The household trousseau.

All the cost of the reception.

Flowers for the reception.

Flowers for the church and the bride's attendants (see also groom's expenses).

Music at church and reception.

Carpets, ribbons, awnings, tents—anything of the kind often rented for large weddings and receptions.

A limousine for the bride, at least, and other cars for the transportation of the bridal party.

A wedding gift of substance, usually silver.

Groom's Expenses

The wedding ring.

The marriage license.

The bride's flowers: the bridal bouquet, if she wears a bridal gown, or a corsage. Going-away corsage may be the heart of the bridal bouquet, or supplied separately.

His own and the ushers' boutonnieres.

Corsage for his mother.

The ushers' gloves and ties.

The priest's fee.

A wedding gift for his bride, something for her to cherish, usually jewelry.

His bachelor dinner.

The entire cost of the wedding trip.

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

An invitation to non-Catholic readers appeared in the February Catholic Digest. It read, "What specifically about the Catholic Church do you want explained? Write us a letter; we will have your question answered by, if need be, an expert. If your question is selected to be answered, you will receive, with the compliments of the editors, a lifelong subscription to The Catholic Digest. Write to Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn."

FROM THE surprisingly large number of responses the following letter was chosen by the editors to begin a series of such questions and answers. One lifelong subscription will be awarded each month to the person whose letter appears that month in **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**. Non-Catholics are again invited to submit questions about the Catholic Church.

The Letter

Dear Sirs: I don't belong to any church, though I sometimes go to one or another Protestant church. Recently I met a nice young man who is a Catholic. We like each

other so much we don't want anything to come between us. He is in the Navy now. I am wondering if I would have to see someone in person, or if you could send me some literature about becoming a member of the Catholic Church and what I must do. There is no Catholic church in our neighborhood and I don't know where to get the information.

Jinni Jacob.

The Answer

Dear Jinni: The fact that there is no priest near by need not prevent you from starting to learn something about the Church.

There is a way you can begin and it has a lot of advantages: you needn't go out of your home; you needn't talk to anyone; no one else need know you are learning.

However, it may cost you some money, perhaps as much as 21¢.

Before I tell you how to do it, let me guess there are many other people who have your intellectual curiosity, but have other reasons for not talking to a priest.

It is not an easy thing for a non-Catholic to ring a rectory doorbell and ask to talk to a stranger.

Fellow told me he had walked up the steps and *almost* rang the bell a dozen times, before he had

got up enough nerve finally to ring.

Again, it could happen that a person might like to learn something about the Church, but he doesn't want to talk to a priest at all. He may not want the neighbors to know, and that is understandable. Or he (or she) may want to satisfy himself there is something worth while learning before he tells anyone about it.

Or, he may be going with a Catholic boy or girl, and he doesn't want her (or him) to know he is even curious about the Church.

Or, he may be a shut-in and can't get out; or the weather may be bad; or his work may be at odd hours.

In any case, you can do it by correspondence. At the end of this letter is a partial list of places which will provide you with a correspondence course in religion.

Suppose you would write to the Catholic Information society in New York. You could write the same kind of letter you wrote to us, or even a post card.

You would then receive in the mail Part I of a catechism. A catechism is a little book made up of questions and answers, and the very first question in the book is probably the most important. It asks, "Who made us?" The third question asks, "Why did God make us?"

Besides answering the questions, the little book will explain the meanings of many unfamiliar words and why they have to be used.

Along with that you will get a

test which you are to answer after you have gone through the little book. You can work out the answers to it with the book open if you like.

Altogether, you will get seven little books and seven examinations. You can go through them just as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. And when you have finished you will know as much about the Church as your boy friend does, and maybe more.

Understand that you don't *have* to become a Catholic after you finish. If you wish, you may. If you don't wish, you need not.

In either case, you have gained a great deal because you will have learned something about religion. That will be valuable beyond estimation all during your lifetime on earth, and, indeed, during your life when you are no longer on earth.

To show your good will, the Catholic Information society will ask that you send them \$1. But this will be returned to you after the course is completed, at which time you will receive a beautiful diploma. The only real cost, then, to you is 21¢. That's for postage stamps. You have everything to gain, and nothing to lose.

Among the better-known national courses are those offered by the Knights of Columbus, 4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., through their national advertising campaign; the Catholic Information society, 214 W. 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.;

Religious Correspondence Course, Paulist Fathers, 70 Stephen St., Boston, Mass.; the Home Study Course, 4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.; the Kenrick Correspondence Courses, Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.

Following is a partial list of other courses available. Some of the courses are devised to meet local diocesan needs, and are set up for the religious instruction of Catholic children attending public schools. They are marked with an asterisk.

Arkansas. Little Rock, Correspondence Courses, St. John's seminary.

California. Camarillo, Correspondence Courses, P.O. Box 38.

Connecticut. Norwalk, Correspondence Courses, Holy Ghost Missionary seminary; Correspondence Courses, St. Mary's seminary.

District of Columbia. Washington, Correspondence Courses, St. Paul's college; Correspondence Courses, 401 Michigan Ave.

Illinois. Aledo, Director, Confraternity of Christian Doctrine,* St. Catherine's rectory. Chicago, Correspondence Courses, 911 South Wabash St.

Kansas. Atchison, Correspondence Courses, St. Benedict's Abbey; Confraternity of Christian Doctrine,* Mount St. Scholastica college. Xavier, Confraternity of Christian Doctrine,* St. Mary college.

Maryland. Lanham, Correspondence Courses, Divine Saviour semi-

nary. Woodstock, Woodstock College Courses, Woodstock college.

Massachusetts. Boston, Religious Correspondence Course, Paulist Fathers, 70 Stephen St. Ipswich, Correspondence Courses, Our Lady of La Salette seminary. Weston, Correspondence Courses, Weston college.

Missouri. Perryville, The Crusade Courses, West St. Joseph Rd. St. Louis, Home Study Course, 4422 Lindell Blvd.; Kenrick Correspondence Courses, Kenrick seminary.

Nebraska. St. Columban, Correspondence Courses, St. Columban's seminary.

New Jersey. Paterson, Religious Correspondence School, St. Anthony's Guild.

New York. Altamont, Correspondence Courses, St. Mary's seminary. Garrison, Garrison Correspondence Courses. New York City, Catholic Information society, 214 W. 31st St. Rensselaer, Friars' Correspondence Course, St. Anthony-on-Hudson. Rochester, Correspondence Courses, St. Bernard's seminary, 2260 Lake Ave.

North Dakota. Fargo, Sisters of Service,* 401 7th Ave., S.

Ohio. Carey, Carey Correspondence Service. Carthagena, Borromeo Correspondence Courses.

Wisconsin. Marathon, Marathon Correspondence Courses, St. Anthony's friary. Milwaukee, Salzmann Correspondence Course, 3257 Lake Drive.

Louis A. Gales.

♥ ♥ Hearts Are Trumps ♥ ♥

I HAVE taught in grade school for many years. Most of my summers have been spent in brushing up on my own education.

A few years ago, when I was attending the summer session of a Montana teachers' college, I suddenly realized that I was going blind. Teaching was my life work; children my chief interest. I had three daughters of my own to put through school. What was I to do?

The doctors told me my trouble was caused by cataracts. They could do nothing for me; they recommended that I go to the clinic at Rochester, Minn., for an operation.

"But I can't possibly do that," I protested. "I haven't money even for the trip, let alone an operation!"

The doctor looked grave. "I'm sorry. That's the best advice I can give you," he said. "Your case presents certain special difficulties."

My instructors arranged to make my final exams oral. Later, the dean handed me an envelope. "Here is the rest of your test, Mary," he said.

"But Dr. Price, you know that I can't read," I cried.

"You open it, and I'll read it for you," he replied.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Inside the envelope was several hundred dollars. Both faculty and students had chipped in to make up this purse for me. There was also a wonderful note which closed with, "We want you to use this money to go to Rochester."

I was too much overwhelmed to say anything fitting then. Later, sitting in the cafeteria with some of the young students, I burst out, "I didn't realize that I had friends like you. I didn't think that most of you were aware of me at all, and I've gone pretty much my own way without bothering with any of you."

One girl said, "Why, Mary, you are the one who is always doing things for others. You must have noticed that all of us young people take our troubles to you. You've been like a mother to us!"

My story has a happy ending. The doctors in Rochester were able to restore my sight without an operation. I am back teaching 1st grade. Two of my daughters are in college. I like to think that they are just like those fine youngsters in Montana, who, for the little I did for them, gave my eyesight back to me.

Mary Lawrence.

By Joseph M. Dukert
Condensed from the "Ave Maria"**

A Vision, a Dream, and a Boys' Town

After the war, Italy had 390,000 war orphans, and one priest talked personally to 10,000 people to help the children

FATHER ERMINIO Crippa, S.C.J., of Bologna, Italy, has lots of problems—but no worries! Five years ago there was an empty lot behind the Theological seminary of the Society of Priests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Bologna. Today there is an ultra-modern four-story building, five adjoining workshop buildings, and a play field: the nucleus of a smoothly functioning "Boys' Town" with more than 100 residents and an equal number of "commuting citizens."

The project has 82,000 benefactors in Italy alone, a supporting organization in New York City, and a large tract of land in Venezuela, to which some of its alumni hope to emigrate from overpopulated Italy. When visitors marvel, Padre Crippa smiles, and says, "Divine providence. This explains it all."

Villaggio del Fanciullo (Village of Boys) is impressive in itself, but the most dramatic part of its story is 34-year-old Father Crippa. He is a shy little Italian priest who landed in New York with \$1.75 in his



pocket and only a few dozen words of English in his vocabulary—and returned to his native country 13 months later with more than \$50,000 for his cause.

The idea for the village came to Father Crippa and another priest, Father Mario Fogarolli, shortly after the 2nd World War. Bombardment and battle had left Italy with 390,000 war orphans, 69,000 of them maimed or blind. Deprived of parental care, decent food and shelter, and any semblance of education, the children had nothing to look forward to but hunger and misery. But Erminio Crippa saw still another danger, a spiritual one.

In 1949 the Communist party was a major power in Italy; its promises of bread held wide appeal in the midst of chronic unemploy-

ment and stunted opportunity. And the young were easy prey. Orphanages might help, but the important thing was to train as many of these unfortunate youngsters as possible to become self-sufficient. Then they could take their places in society as good citizens instead of being recruited into the growing army of irreligious revolutionaries.

The work of Father Flanagan in Nebraska was an inspiration to Father Crippa, as it had already been to others in different lands. But a Boys' Town would cost money, and Italy was poor. Financial support from Church authorities was out of the question; too many churches, convents, and rectories had to be rebuilt first. Businessmen were busy trying to patch together a new economy. The only hope lay in America.

Finally, their superiors gave Father Crippa and Father Fogarolli permission to journey to America. A loan took care of the fare, but there was no other expense money. The priests were on their own, modern mendicants. To make things more difficult, Father Fogarolli was ill during most of their visit to the U. S. He remained in Brooklyn, where he handled correspondence and accounting matters while Father Crippa tackled the job of making contacts and taking up collections all alone.

To those who think of big-city dwellers as aloof, Father Crippa's experiences will seem incredible.

Not once in 13 months did he pay for a hotel room or a meal. "It's true that at first we had to sleep on subway trains," he says, "and there were days when I had nothing to eat until 9 or 10 p.m. But we had vowed that every cent should go to founding the Boys' Town, and everywhere people helped us. Divine providence was with us always."

Much of Father Crippa's solicitation was on a door-to-door basis. His sincerity and faith embodied their own eloquence. He says he talked to 10,000 people personally.

"I would ring the bell; and when someone answered I would ask first if they could speak Italian. If not, I just said, 'I'm a priest from Italy and I need money.' Very often they would invite me in, and then I would try to explain our project. I was beginning to learn English. Then, sometimes, they would give me the names and addresses of friends who might be willing to help. That made it easier."

Contributions came in all sizes. One man he met on the street in Jersey City personally collected \$1,000 for the cause. The same man, a non-Catholic, arranged a transatlantic hookup by ham radio which enabled Father Crippa to confer with officials of his Order and to speak to his mother in Italy.

On another occasion, Father Crippa had just arrived in a strange city. Noticing an Italian name on the window of a barbershop, he went

in and said, "I need a haircut, but I don't have any money. Will you give me one?" Not only did the barber comply; after he had heard Father Crippa's story he took up among his customers a collection which added some \$8 to the fund.

Still another time, a Protestant church group sponsored a water-melon party for the benefit of the project. And small gifts came from people of every religious belief, profession, and social level.

Undoubtedly the strangest donation of all, however, came from outside the U. S. The thing started in 1954, during Father Crippa's third visit to America.

He was talking to a Philadelphia woman who had already contributed to the Boys' Town fund. She told Father Crippa that in a dream she saw him with a group of boys on a plot of ground in Venezuela; it was a place where the boys could come for a start after their training at the village. The woman was so impressed with the idea that she promised Father Crippa a certain amount of money to purchase such a site if he was willing to go to South America to find one. Father Crippa headed for Caracas.

After 19 days of searching there, he had almost given up hope. Everything he saw was either unsuitable or too expensive.

Father Crippa's plane was scheduled to take off in three hours. He was sitting in the rectory pondering his dilemma, when he heard the

voice of an Indian woman in the courtyard. It was someone he had spoken with briefly a few days before; now he felt impelled to talk to her again.

"Without knowing why I did it, I went out and explained my whole story to her. As I described my mission in Venezuela, her eyes widened in awe. Then she fell back a pace and made the Sign of the Cross. 'Father,' she cried, 'this is the hour of God!' Without a word of explanation, she motioned for me to follow her, and rushed out of the courtyard.

"A few blocks away, she led me into a small patio garden, where two women of about 50 and a little boy were sitting. Again without explanation, the Indian woman insisted that I tell my story again, as best I could, in Spanish. I was half-way through when one of the women went into the house. Then she came out again, and handed me two envelopes.

"'Here is your land,' she said. 'One envelope contains directions; it is 284 kilometers from here. The other envelope has money in it for you to hire a cab for the trip.'

"Slowly, I pieced together the story. These ladies were the last heiresses of an immensely wealthy Venezuelan family whose lands had been seized by the government in 1908. In 1935 they had started legal proceedings to regain the inheritance; and when it looked as if things were bound to go against

them they made a vow to God. If they could regain their family lands they would devote a part of the funds to missionary work. Specifically, they would build a chapel on part of the land and turn it over to a priest who could use it to help poor boys!

"For 11 years they had looked and waited for someone who had such an idea. And now I was there." Father Crippa smiled a radiant smile. "Divine providence!" he said simply.

From the beginning, there had been different ideas on the scale of the Boys' Town project in Bologna. Some of Father Crippa's associates urged him to use the original \$50,000 to build a school, and let it go at that. But he wanted to use this money as a starting point, to erect part of one building, which would eventually be part of a large plant.

"The problem in Italy is so great!" he insisted. "There had to be a big answer to it. And God had been so good from the start. Surely He wouldn't let the whole plan founder."

Training equipment was a major problem when the village first opened. In Brooklyn, the Boys' Town priest had found a turret lathe and an old hand-operated printing press which were about to be scrapped. He told his story to the owners, and arranged to have the two items shipped to Italy free of charge. On their arrival, to satis-

fy customs formalities, Boys' Town made a token payment of five lire—less than a cent! And this was the beginning.

Other equipment was added slowly. Through the Marshall plan, the village was able to buy a linotype machine on long-term credit. Other machinery was donated.

But everything had to be available, Father Crippa felt, even an aptitude-testing center. Some boys would make good printers, others good mechanics, others watch repairers. He wanted to know how to fit them into the right type of training, so that they could best use their talents. The only scientific testing center for miles around was the one operated by the communist city government of Bologna. As a citizen, Father Crippa felt that he was entitled to inspect it, so he did. The proud communists were happy to show it to him, eager to answer his questions and boast about their achievements. Father Crippa nodded and watched, nodded and queried. Then he went back to the village and set up a testing center of his own.

"Why should we depend on the communists?" he asked with a grin. "Now ours is better than theirs."

Actually, Father Crippa knew nothing about machinery or trade teaching before he began his work. But his spirit is illustrated by the way he set up the village's school for dental technicians.

This story started with a tooth-

ache. While preparing to pull a tooth, a dentist had mentioned to Father Crippa that dental technics were being sorely neglected in Italy; this was a field where boys could find jobs if they were properly trained.

Like a shot, Father Crippa was out of the chair and on his way back to the village, with the dentist in tow. Yes, the astounded dentist admitted, a room in the new building was perfect for a training lab. But he'd need equipment.

Father Crippa was off again. A woman from Milan had just donated 25,000 lire (about \$40) to the village; within a few hours, Father Crippa was asking a salesman in a dental-laboratory supply store, "What do you sell that costs 25,000 lire?" Then, back to Boys' Town with the first piece of equipment for the infant lab, a buffing machine. "I didn't even know what it was used for," Father Crippa admits, "but I figured it was a start."

By now the buffing machine has expanded into a complete laboratory. Soon the Bologna Boys' Town expects to become the third school in all Italy to be accredited officially for the training of dental technicians. And by the time Father Crippa went back to the dentist to have that tooth pulled, "his boys" were well enough advanced to make his new bridge.

Still, Father Crippa insists that this is only the beginning. He envisions a school of orthopedics; a

band; a group of individual cottages, where the older boys can live with foster parents in a more home-like atmosphere.

"The sad thing is that there are so many boys we cannot help yet," he says. "We get an average of 12 admission requests a day. Many boys come here by themselves from other cities because they have heard of our work. We can't expand fast enough."

The boys range in age from six to 18. They elect a "town council," judges, and a mayor, who actually administer the community's affairs. Court is held once a week, and boys who violate the rules are subject to restriction of special privileges or extra-work assignments. The judges are strict but fair; there are usually few offenders.

The value of this training in citizenship is obvious. And in this, as in all activities at *Villaggio del Fanciullo*, the motto is *Qui si aiutano i ragazzi ad aiutare se stessi* (Here we help boys to help themselves).

By the time you read this, the lot behind the seminary in Bologna may have another building on it. Perhaps the population of the village will have doubled. Things happen quickly at the *Villaggio del Fanciullo*, for there is literally no limit to divine providence—and, I believe, there is practically no limit to the powerful faith of a cherubic, bespectacled little man named Erminio Crippa.

By June Haines Betsworth
Condensed from "Desert Magazine"*

Our Desert Adventure

Tenderfeet rush in where old-timers
fear to tread

WE WERE rockhound beginners, and very eager to get to the agate beds at Chuckawalla Springs, near Desert Center, Calif. Thus it was that my husband and I and our two children left our Los Angeles home at 2 A.M. one day in the summer of 1954 on what was to have been a pleasant excursion. We'd drive out into the desert, walk a mile into a wash to the agate beds, and return at night. That's what we thought—then.

To guide us we had the Santa Monica Gemological society's 1954 survey map and Darold J. Henry's book *Gem Trail Journal*, which has maps and directions to the Springs. Our supplies consisted of four water bags hung on our 1940 Lincoln's bumpers, five half-gallon jugs of water in the trunk, two one-quart canteens on our pack belts, two quarts of sugarless soda pop, a quart thermos of water, a quart of milk, and enough food for one day. We planned to replenish our water at the Springs, if needed.

We followed U. S. 60-70 out 23



miles past Desert Center to the dirt road leading south to the Springs. A service-station attendant told us rain had fallen there a few days earlier, but that the Chuckawalla Springs road was dry and somewhat sandy. We soon found that the road should more properly have been called a wash.

It began as two wheel ruts, and grew progressively worse. We maneuvered up and down gullies, across jagged gravel, and around boulders, and passed cholla cactus and other desert flora higher than our car. The underside of our car banged against rocks, and soon we had knocked a hole in our muffler and in three of the water bags.

We reached the foot of the Chuckawalla mountains, and having traveled this far over indescribably difficult terrain, we became overconfident and decided to push

*Palm Desert, Calif. January, 1956. © 1956 by the Desert Press, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

on. The sand became deeper and more continuous. We crossed the short patches by speeding up the car.

The inevitable happened, however, on a bend in the low foothills. We slithered off the road, and our wheels spun down into the sand. We were 25 feet from firm ground.

Our immediate thought was to release air from the tires, thus gaining traction, but we had neglected to bring a tire pump. So we started to dig. We pushed and pulled, jacked up the car and placed stone slabs under the wheels, rocked the car—but the wheels spun deeper and deeper. After four hours, we had succeeded in moving three feet.

We knew the Springs were no more than a mile away, so we drank our water unsparingly. The children were having a good time. They played under a Palo Verde tree and ate their sandwiches and potato chips. George and I had little appetite for a picnic. He worked steadily in the sun and I with him until, finally, I got a headache, and had to rest in the shade periodically.

At 5:30 that afternoon, our situation really began to look serious to us. We tore apart a wooden platform we used in the back seat of the car for the children to sleep on. This gave us two short planks. We placed these under the rear wheels, and they helped some.

We took time out to explore the area around us. George hiked

around the sandy bend to the west fork of the wash looking for the Springs. He saw two abandoned shacks, but nothing else. I hiked about two miles down the east fork. I found a small muddy basin at the foot of one of the mountains, but did not have the sense to dig down past the mud to the drinkable water.

Our only chance was to start walking for the highway. We could not wait for help, for no one knew we were here. When I got back to the car, I found that George had managed to move it halfway out of the deep sand—we were only ten feet from hard ground.

We jacked up the back wheels and placed our planks under them a dozen times until we were out. Nadine and Georgeen helped us load our equipment back into the car, and we started back up that wash as fast as the car could take us over the terrible road.

It was still daylight, and after 15 minutes of driving we stalled the car again trying to maneuver past a tall bush that required two consecutive turns in opposite directions. As our wheels started to spin in deep sand, George stepped on the gas, our car vaulted over the bog, but we hit the bush. The motor died as water boiled out of the radiator.

We let it cool, poured some water into it, and tried again. It would not start.

The sun finally set. We took

stock of our water supply: a quart and a cup of water and half a quart of soda water.

What next? Should we backtrack on foot to the main highway? Or should we strike out across the open desert? Surely this latter course would be much shorter. Or should George go alone, taking half the precious water, to find help? But what if he did not make it? We could not wait long without water. Could we carry the children?

We made up our minds. We would follow the road, traveling all night to avoid being caught on the desert by the searing sun. George drained the radiator into a canteen, and we started off.

Suddenly, far off to the north, we saw tiny pin points of light. It was the highway! We would head out across the desert for the lights. This short cut would save us many miles, we thought.

Even then, George was exhausted. Working in the hot sun for ten hours after driving all night had left him at the end of his rope.

Luckily, a bright moon lighted the desert. We fixed our course on the mountain landmarks. We walked for two and a half hours, and at 10 P.M. we came to a clearing, where we rested for half an hour. George and the children stretched out while I sat up with the flashlight guarding against tarantulas and snakes. George awoke every five minutes, positive that he had slept for an hour. He was

afraid that I might fall asleep, too.

Shortly after we started out again, I jumped over a three-foot snake. Luckily, he was not disturbed. If one of us had been bitten or had sprained an ankle in one of the many deep gopher holes we tripped over, I don't know what we would have done.

After more walking, my right heel developed a blister. I had to take off my boot, and limp on one bare foot.

We had a hard time waking Nadine after her rest periods. We had to keep telling her how serious our plight was—that if we did not keep walking we would all die in the desert sun the next day. She struggled up as quickly as she could when we told her that.

We walked an hour without a rest period, then 45 minutes, 40, 35, and finally only 20 to 25 minutes at a stretch without resting.

We were almost out of water, and our tongues were so dry it was hard to talk. Our occasional swallows of radiator water tasted better than bubbling spring water before the night was over. I don't think George ever took more than half a sip. I could see him weaken. He and Nadine were falling farther and farther behind. We tried to talk, even though we knew it would make us more thirsty.

Several times, the wind blew clouds across the moon, and we could not see the guide marks. We continued walking in the dark on

what we thought was a northern course, but when the moonlight returned we inevitably found that we had strayed far to the east or west.

Only once did we become panic-stricken, thinking that we had turned around in some way and that we were heading back south. Luckily, we guessed the right direction and plodded on. We now began picking more immediate goals, clumps of brush. When we reached them, we would pick another goal in the distance. The silhouette of the horizon changed rapidly as we walked on.

Again we caught the sight of lights from the highway. We were elated, but as we walked on and the lights did not appear closer we grew very discouraged.

Once we heard the sound of an engine. At first, we thought it was a truck, but it was an airplane. George lighted two magnesium flares, but the plane went on its way.

We began discarding all we could as fatigue set in. We threw away the pack sack, empty canteens, the boot I had tied to my belt, and finally our first-aid kit.

At 3 A.M., our water supply was down to half a small canteen. George was suffering from dehydration, and during our rest periods he would wake up shouting, "Where am I?"

I was having a hard time staying awake. Every little nap was full of

vivid dreams—always of water. I dreamed of water running out of faucets, of trickles pouring from one canteen to another, of the big blisters on George's hand, with water running from them—always of water! George and I called to each other during the rest periods to make sure we were at least half awake.

We veered to the west. For a time, the lights seemed to be getting no closer. We did not care about snakes or insects any more. We sank to the ground to rest anywhere we happened to be.

Suddenly, we could hear the trucks! We climbed a bank, and saw the highway. The bank, only four feet high, had blocked the view of the car lights in front of us.

We wanted to shout for joy, but our tongues were too swollen. I felt like kissing that lovely, lovely strip of asphalt.

We sat down on the north side of the highway at 4:30 A.M., and turned on our flashlight to attract attention.

Our faces, arms, my legs below my pedal pushers, even my one bare ankle and foot, were covered with insect bites. We were dirty and tired. Our lips were swollen and cracked.

A half hour later, after many trucks and automobiles had passed us, two cattle trucks stopped, and took us to Desert Center.

In another hour, from between the deliciously cool sheets of an air-

conditioned motel, we saw the bright-sudden dawn come in our windows. We had made it with an hour and a half to spare!

Old-timers in Desert Center told us many stories afterwards of people who had perished in the desert by wandering around in circles. They said we were very lucky. We had made many grave errors that almost cost us our lives and those of our children.

Our first mistake was to attempt the trip in a conventional automobile. We will never go into the desert again unless it is in a jeep

or similar four-wheel-drive vehicle.

Our second mistake was to leave home without telling the neighbors of our destination and expected time of return. We also neglected to leave a note in Desert Center, briefly describing ourselves, our destination, and when we planned to be out of the collecting area. Even the rescue trucks leave such records before each mission.

We will never again leave the road—no matter how bad or out of the way it seems. There is no such thing as a short cut across the desert.

Kid Stuff

MY BOY BILL, aged four, was swinging in the back yard when one of his playmates came up, proudly carrying a fistful of cookies.

"Where'd ya get those? Let's have one," Bill said in one breath.

"Granny baked them for us," the tot replied.

"Granny? What's a Granny?" Bill was puzzled. (Both his grandmothers died before he was born.)

"Oh, you know," the little boy replied impatiently, "it's—uh—an old lady who keeps your mother from spanking you."

Roy Blackburn.

THE FIRST TIME I took little Jane to Mass, she knelt down and began saying her prayers out loud, just as we do at home. Quickly I leaned over to her and whispered that she must say her prayers to herself.

"No!" she retorted in the same loud tones. "I don't want to say them to myself. I want to say them to God."

Mrs. J. T. Watson.

PETER, MY ten-year-old, attends a military boarding school. Shortly after my last visit, I got a letter from him. After the usual requests for snack packages and more spending money, he closed with, "I wish you could have stayed on to see the school play. It was something called Macbeth. Lots of the kids' folks were there. Some of them had seen it before, but they laughed just the same."

A. E. Downey.

Soldier of the Spirit

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

CHARLES DE FOUCAUD was born in 1858 into one of the oldest families of France at the height of the empire ruled by Napoleon III. It was a time of fantastic style and incredible luxury. Everyone was drunk with glory—for France stood at the very pinnacle of world power.

Within 12 years, the glory had become a faded thing. The German Uhlans were at the gates of Paris. Napoleon had been captured at Sedan. The Empress Eugénie was exiled in England.

These were confused times: first the communes took over, then the army, then the republicans. Science was the new god. Taine and Renan announced the new gospel. God was dead. Religion was outmoded. Unbelief was the new style.

It is no wonder Charles de Foucauld, whose story is told in *Soldier of the Spirit* by Michael Carrouges, was affected by the atmosphere in which atheism was on the march and religion was a toy. At the age of five the boy had lost both parents. Charles had been baptized as a baby. He made his First Communion at 14. The following year, he gave up both God and Church.

Spurred by his grandfather,

Charles managed to get his preliminary college education. Then he went to the cavalry school at Saint-Cyr to prepare for an army career. The boy was enthusiastic, but he managed to collect, before his two years were up, 45 punishments for negligence, laziness, and disobedience.

At Saumur, the advanced cavalry school, Charles continued his merry course. With the death of his grandfather he came into a large fortune. He used it to pamper his vices. Charles finished both Saint-Cyr and Saumur at the tail of his class.

His career as a sub-lieutenant of Hussars was disfigured by continued misconduct. Charles became friendly with Mimi, a Parisian cocotte, and had the impudence to take her with him when his regiment was transferred to Sétif in Algeria. The ensuing scandal caused Charles to be put on the inactive list. At 22, he returned to France with Mimi.

One morning, Charles' newspaper screamed the beginning of a local war near Oran in Africa. The 4th Chasseurs would be going into action. In a moment, Charles knew where he stood. He sent Mimi packing.

Charles rushed to the war office in Paris. After abject pleading, he was reinstated in his regiment.

During the heat of the campaign, Charles proved himself a first-class soldier. His men respected and even admired him for his qualities of leadership and his indifference to hardship and danger.

Meanwhile, a tremendous revolution was taking place in his soul. Strange to say, it came about through the Arabs. The young officer was amazed by the wholehearted way in which the Arabs gave themselves to God.

When peace had come, Charles returned to France. But he longed for the peace of the desert. Back he went, to map sections of the desert never before charted nor seen by a white man.

Charles came back to France and published his maps and findings. He was suddenly famous, but his fame meant nothing. His mind was filled with God. Now he felt impelled to return to his own faith, so long neglected. The young man went to a famous spiritual director, the Abbé Huevlin. The good abbé made him go to Confession. In a moment, peace came and a new life opened before him.

After a series of retreats, Charles joined the Trappists. They were not severe enough to suit his desire for God alone. Then he went to Bethlehem, and in the "city of bread" found the poverty and silence his heart hungered for.

Now he wished to found a new Community: small groups of men who would work and pray and live always in the presence of God.

Charles returned to Africa carrying the Gospel to the Taureg tribe at Tamanrasset. He lived among them in poverty, and became in their eyes a holy man, loved and revered beyond measure.

The Senussi revolt in 1916, part of the pattern of the 1st World War, gave Charles the martyr's death he craved. By a trick, a band of Senussi entered the little fort at Tamanrasset and bound the hermit's hands to his feet behind his back. A sudden alarm outside caused the 15-year-old-boy guarding Charles to fire. The bullet entered Charles' temple and came out through one eye.

But the dead Charles lived on. The Community he wished to found was established by others, and has spread over the entire world. Charles has been the instrument of bringing many proud souls back to their faith. His life reads like an incredible romance more exciting than an adventure novel.

The author, a Parisian, has visited the places in North Africa where Charles de Foucauld lived and worked and died.

Soldier of the Spirit, translated from the French, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City (300 pp. \$3.75). See Catholic Digest Book Club advertisement on page 1.



Why there's a Memorial Day...

The Civil War had a more tremendous effect upon its citizens, contemporary and to come, than any other war in which the U. S. engaged. Even today, some 90 years later, its battles are verbally fought over again occasionally when representatives of different sections of the country happen to meet. Monuments commemorating Civil War heroes dot the terrain from Maine to California. In certain sections, particularly New England, the Midwest, and the South, every good-sized town has a monument commemorating those of its citizens who served in the Civil War. In this bloodiest of American wars, brother fought against brother, family against family.

From the day it began in 1861 until it ended in 1865, the struggle was bitter. Total casualties of both Union and Confederate armies were 493,313. This tops even our respective casualties in each World War, when our armies fought on fronts all over the world. In the 1st World War, our casualties were 126,000. In the 2nd World War, they were 407,828.

In 1869, May 30 was set aside to honor the memory of those hundreds of thousands who served and died in this great War between the States. The originator of Memorial day was Gen. John A. Logan, a commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Thanks to Mathew B. Brady, the photographic history of the Civil War has been preserved for posterity. Back in the 1860's, the camera was a big, bulky, stationary machine. This did not deter Brady, who was determined to make the camera, despite its bulkiness, into a practical traveling tool of the war correspondent. He loaded cameras into horse-drawn wagons and galloped about the battle-fields. He employed other photographers.

In reality, his was the first photographic news service. Brady used glass plates. His stark photographs really brought the war home to people back home. After the Civil War, Brady opened a Broadway studio, and for years enjoyed the reputation of being one of America's foremost photographers.



Brady

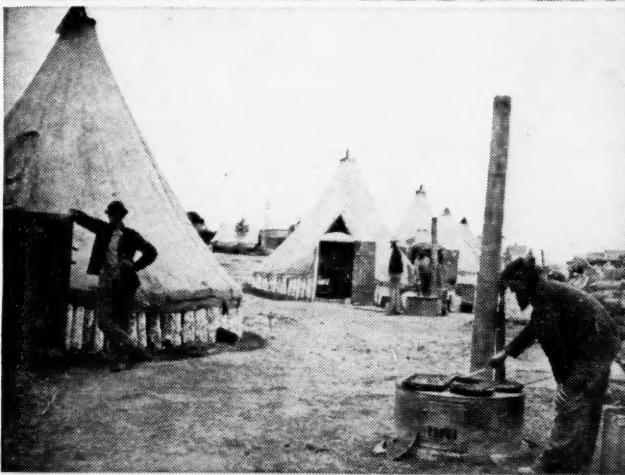
Here's Gen. Robert B. Potter of the Union army conferring with his staff. Photographer Brady is shown in the extreme right, leaning against a tree.



A Union-army encampment not far from the battle front. These are typical GI's of that period enjoying a respite from the fighting. Notice the unusual headgear used for rest periods.



Here's how mess was prepared in the Civil War. Instead of a central mess hall, each tent prepared its own meals. With so many individual cooks, the Civil War GI's must have had plenty to grouse about.

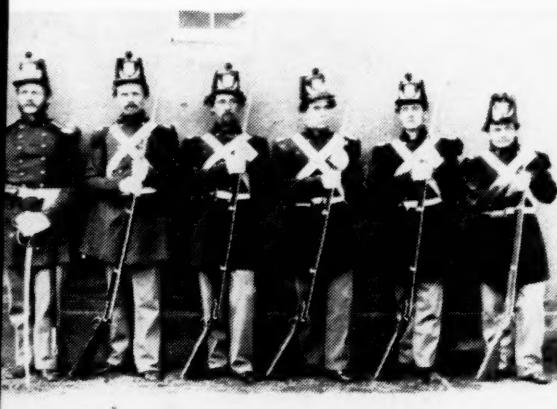


Telegraphic communications were important, and Civil War military telegraphic operators considered themselves a rather elite corps. Here's a group of them posed during a period of absence from their busy keys.





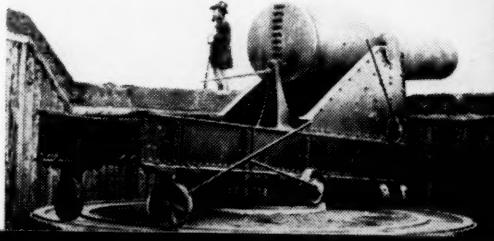
Cottage headquarters of the U.S. Sanitary commission were the uso canteens of the Civil War. Here ladies acted as hostesses at concerts for the entertainment of troops, as in the 2nd World War.

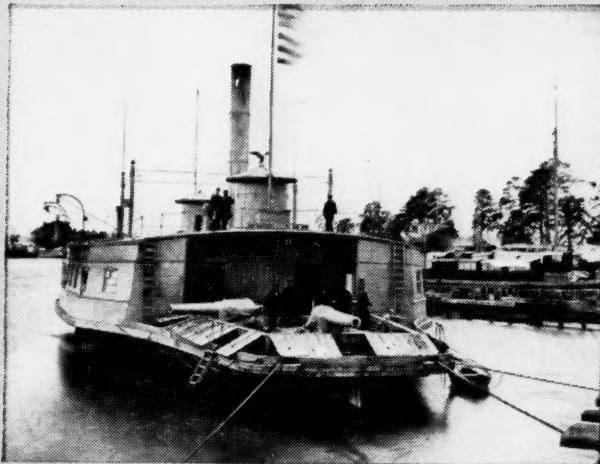


A detail of U.S. marines lined up for active duty during the Civil War. In this war, as later, the marines saw plenty of action.

One of the Big Berthas of the Civil War. This 15-inch Rodman smooth-bore gun was usually put in strategic places to guard harbors.

Culver photos.





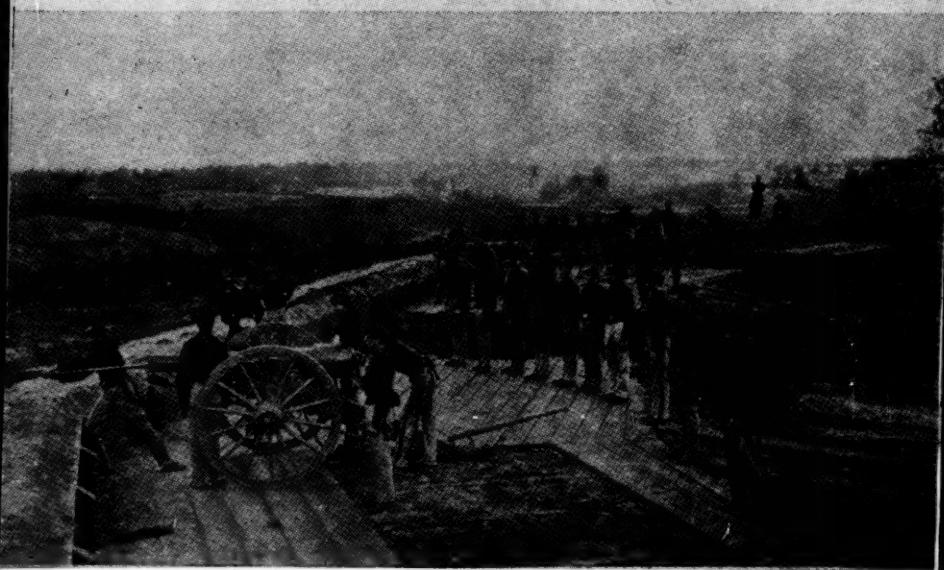
A New York ferry boat that was converted into a Union gunboat.

A Union gunboat about to set sail for Southern waters.

The crew of a gunboat getting ready for action.

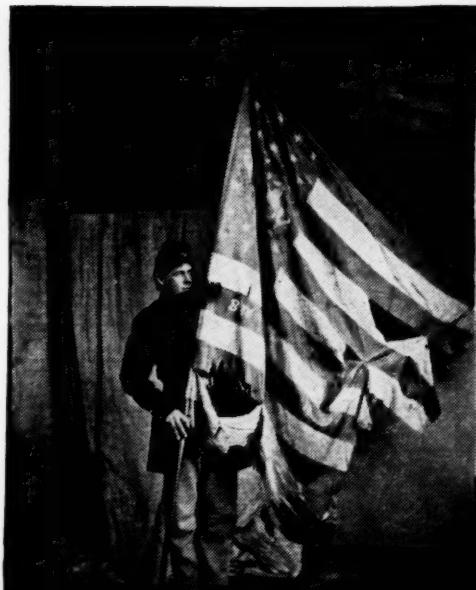


One of General Sherman's artillery detachments, officially taking over a Confederate fort near Atlanta during his drive on that city.



The incident above happened when Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman made his celebrated March to the Sea from Atlanta to Savannah with 60,000 picked men. Along 300 miles, Sherman destroyed railways and material. The country was cleared of supplies and the Confederate government severed from its Western states. Later, in January, 1865, Sherman reached Raleigh, N.C.

A Pennsylvania volunteer displays shredded remnants of his regiment's battle flag.



No figure came out of the Civil War more greatly respected than Robert Edward Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. His reputation as commander during the war was supreme. Not until almost 40 years after the Civil War were his methods really understood and applied by the military world. Lee came of a Southern family with a great record of public service. His father, Henry Lee, was governor of Virginia, and in the Revolutionary War made himself famous as a leader of Washington's cavalry, earning the title of Lighthorse Harry. Two Lees, Richard and Francis, were signers of the Declaration of Independence.



Robert E. Lee, whose memory is revered in the North as well as in the South.

A Union 12-year-old drummer boy proudly poses with his wounded arm.

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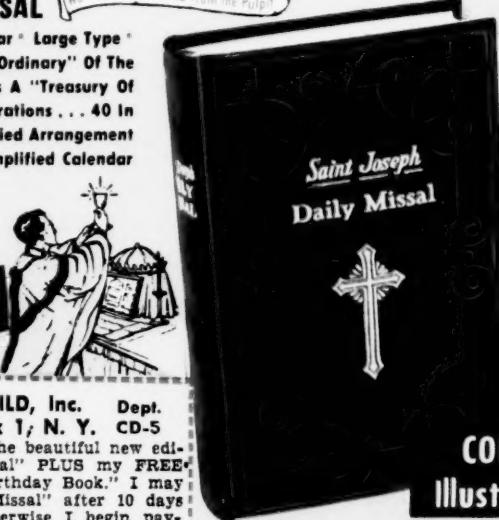
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